



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival"
"Doing the Everglades Challenge"
"Princess Gloria, Beautiful Isn't She?"

Volume 25 – Number 3

June 15, 2007



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 25 – Number 3
June 15, 2007



Published twice a month, 24 times a year, U.S. subscription price is \$32 for 24 issues. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1043. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman.

For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:

**Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net**

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 Book Review
- 6 You write to us about...
- 8 Second Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival
- 10 News from Cortez
- 12 Doing the Everglades Challenge
- 19 Octogenarian Boating at -8 Degrees
- 20 *Princess Gloria* - Beautiful Isn't She?
- 22 The Perfect Boat
- 24 Plywood Prevails
- 25 Cometh the Beautiful Square-riggers
- 26 Bolger on Design
- 28 So, How Much is Enough?
- 29 The First Boat I Ever Designed and Built
- 30 From the Lee Rail
- 31 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Sailing the Florida Gulf Coast Museum's spritsail skiff Sally Adams at the 2nd annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival in April. Two reports are featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A major pleasure for me editing and publishing this magazine is enjoying the way the content ebbs and flows over time as emphasis shifts back and forth from adventures to projects to designs, etc. That this happens is not a calculated scheme of mine, it is pretty much governed by the nature of the articles you send in for publication. In any given issue I still try to spread around the articles to cover most bases, but there is always an emphasis that emerges issue after issue.

This year we have enjoyed more than the usual number of nostalgia trips, stories harking back to boyhood days for many, days that apparently made deep impressions on the writers. How the writers came to discover the pleasures and thrills of messing about in boats in their early years particularly grabs me because I did not get involved in messing about in boats until I was in my late 40s. I missed all those golden boyhood days afloat that some of you have been sharing with us.

I have, of course, my golden days of youth still vivid in memory (while what happened last week seems to have dropped from view), they just were not involved with boats. In many of your nostalgia tales you describe growing up in boating families. I was not enthused by what my father found of interest, he was busy just supporting us coming out off the Depression and his enthusiasm was focused on farming. He was a field rep for a farm supply co-op and ran his own little farm on the side with vegetable garden, chickens, and a few cows. I got to do lotsa chores growing up. As soon as I entered college in 1947 to study engineering I escaped from my farm tasks and today still am averse to working the land or managing animals.

By the time Dad realized his boyhood dream of enjoying boating (his family was not involved in boating) it was the late '50s, when he purchased a used 19' Century inboard from one of our advertisers, Fernald's Marine in Newbury, Massachusetts, I was well into my first enthusiasm/career in motorcycling and so our family boating with Dad was the annual summer outing on

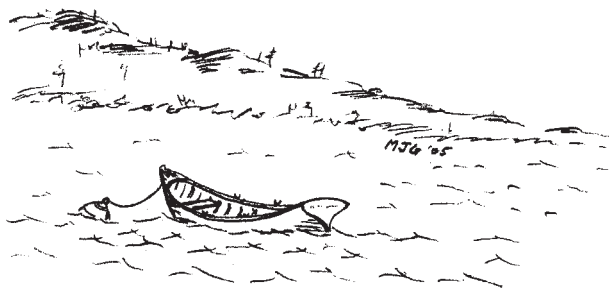
Lake Winnepesaukee or Squam Lake in New Hampshire.

Despite my lack of youthful involvement in boating, the universal component of your nostalgia tales that attracts me is the aura of simplicity that seemed to exist in our lives 40 to 70 years ago. This simpler life enfolded all forms of recreation as well as daily life and I identify with it strongly and really enjoy reading of your adventures and dreams of so long ago.

When I got interested in boats about 1975 it was traditional small craft and wooden sailboats that attracted me, not the power boats some thought would be a natural for this 40ish guy still out riding his motorcycles. I was apparently after that simplicity as daily life had begun evolving into today's hectic, harassed life style with its emphasis on pursuit of money in sufficient amounts to indulge in the expensive lifestyle that the incessant advertising which engulfs our every waking minute urges us to do.

We older types typically will go on and on about those good old days if anyone will indulge us by listening. Those who undertake to share their memories with us on these pages have found, I believe, a receptive audience. Younger readers must have found some appeal in messing about in the sort of boats which are featured on our pages or they wouldn't be reading this magazine. The typical project stories we get involve simple boats built simply of readily available plywood and glue. Those who undertake the more difficult traditional type of building are still searching for the basic simplicity of the type. And the adventures involving rowing, paddling, or sailing small boats certainly reflect an interest in simplicity.

Amidst the clutter and cacophony of today's instant lifestyle some of us still cling to that simplicity in those areas of our lives where it is still possible, and our messing about in boats is one that indulges this yearning. I hope many of you enjoy the nostalgia articles as much as I do, for I hope to keep on featuring them, not as total content but as an integral part of most issues.



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

A mile or so below the ferry landing lies Selden's Island. The Seldens settled in Hadlyme when waterfront property was readily available. They still own sizeable chunks of it today, mostly off Selden Road. The island huddles against the shore with an estuary behind it. Steep and wooded, about 500 acres, it fronts the channel running up the east bank of the river. This estuary, six or eight feet deep, opens into a cove near its northern end. One of the Selden homes overlooks this lovely landscape from a distant prospect. Half wild meadows run downhill to the cove, over which an osprey often hovers in hopes of breakfast.

This estuary, Selden's Creek, meanders south a mile or more before rejoining the river. Well back of the island, the meadows on the mainland turn to salt marsh, a minor estuary wends through this marsh until it meets the creek. A couple of feet of tide run in and out. The sun turns much of the salt marsh into flowers, the river turns the estuary to fish. Bream and crappie, perch and bullheads, pickerel and bass have taken up housekeeping here.

The Selden family, having regard for generations of watermen yet to come, donated their island to the state to become a park. Aside from a very small camping area on a level spot at the north end, the entirety of the island remains pristine. Somewhere, amid the hemlocks, hides a spring. No one in my day thought to profane the woods with directions to it. Go and find it yourself. If you miss it but gain the summit, you'll be rewarded with a glimpse of shimmering river.

Of course, you'll want to go there during the week, preferably during that time of year when tourists hide in front of their televisions. Today would probably do. It's presently coming down Coastal Blend, a mixture of freezing rain and icy snow, ideal canoeing weather. Sometimes I used to force myself to endure more pleasant weather in my efforts to amuse the local fish, when the mallows bloomed and the red wing blackbirds called from the cattail brakes.

If you paddle up the little estuary leading off the creek you meander through the marsh a few hundred yards back to the mainland. Around the last bend you suddenly emerge from the reeds that blocked your view of the woody shore. There, on a tiny knoll, once perched a tiny trailer. Even in my day no one had camped in this plywood wreck for years. Sun and rain had conspired to return it to The Powers of the Earth. Just north of the knoll a little stream comes chirruping out of the woods to meet the marsh.

Here, where the water runs freshest, one can find an abundance of yellow perch, the prettiest fish to be found in local waters. Now yellow perch have an affinity, a craving, a less than discerning appetite for worms. In 40 minutes, just after the tide has turned, one can catch more perch with a dozen worms than any two people can savor at one sitting. But be forewarned. A yellow perch has more small bones per acre than any fish its size. This delicacy is best eaten with your fingers, hot from the skillet. Sitting upwind of the campfire greatly enhances the flavor.

You can't help liking the yellow perch. Truly a voracious creature, he goes for a worm with an admirable abandon. Then he fights like the dickens and, invariably, tries to stab you in the hand with his dorsal fin when you kindly offer to extract the hook. His dorsal spines are especially designed with the soft wet hands of the fisherman in mind. They resemble sail needles. If you don't stroke back that dorsal fin until it is well tucked down, you'll wear the smarting reminders of it stitched across your palm. If ever you plan an incarnation as a state-ly great blue heron who spends her time at the back of Selden's Creek stalking gay young perchlets, remember, always, always, swallow them head first.

WoodenBoat Show

JUNE 29-JULY 1, 2007

16th Annual



Celebrate Wooden Boats at Mystic Seaport

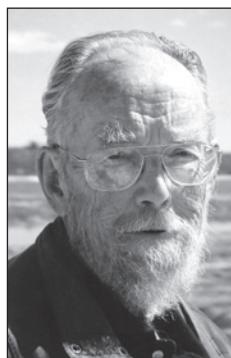
Board extraordinary wooden boats—tall, small and historic.

Experience restoration and boat building demonstrations.

Explore exhibits, collections, and a historic shipyard.

Enjoy the nation's foremost maritime art gallery.

Pay Tribute to Legendary Designer Philip Bolger



After the show on Friday evening, June 29, at Mystic Seaport Museum

Dinner, wine, beer, and socializing with Phil and other wooden boat luminaries for just \$30. Limited Tickets Available.

Bring YOUR Bolger Boat to the Show.

WoodenBoat will accept twelve to be displayed on land, at no charge, for the duration of the Show.

Contact Carl@WoodenBoat.com for information.

Tickets to both events available online.

Presented by *WoodenBoat* magazine

800-273-7447

TheWoodenBoatShow.com

I had been keeping track of Verlen Kruger's long-distance endurance canoe trips and other accomplishments for a long time, but especially since I bought my own Sea Wind sea canoe (hull #61) from him exactly ten years ago (in Spring 1997). So my being asked to review the first big biography on Verlen's life may turn out to be a tad biased. But so is the author Phil Peterson, Sr., being an old friend of Verlen's, paddling a Sea Wind only slightly newer than mine. But so be it — at least we both know from firsthand boating experiences in a "Verlen Kruger Special" what Verlen accomplished. Phil also knew Verlen personally quite well from their 2002 Yukon River trip and other joint ventures, and was hand-picked by the old master to write his biography.

And what a book it turned out to be. It has a handy, almost square, format with lots of heft, is printed on heavy slick paper to show off the more than 250 pictures which are nicely integrated into the text. The book takes you through 29 chapters of Verlen's life, starting with a baby picture, of course, to a last wave good-bye and the funeral procession showing lots of car-topped Kruger Sea Winds.

But this book goes far beyond re-telling the tales of Verlen's basically three big trips by concentrating on Verlen the paddler, husband, father, mentor, and friend with all his strengths, skills, and dogged determination, but also his shortcomings and admitted mistakes. The Verlen of this book does not end up standing on a lofty pedestal, but comes down to amongst us normal mortals/boaters, especially when obsession clouds his mind and makes him hurt those people who really love him. I am thinking of his first (and again, fourth) wife Jenny in particular.

To most small craft boaters, Verlen is no stranger. He has made the *Guinness Book of Records* several times and has been honored as one of the greatest long-distance canoeists in most every boating magazine around. Verlen is as esteemed in the U.S. as Bill Mason is in Canada — our North American "Twin Peaks" of canoeing.

You can read his own accounts of his record-breaking trip from Montreal to the Bering Sea in one season, following the old Fur Trade Route with partner Clint Waddell (*Cross Continent Canoe Safari* of 1971, or CCCS for short). Then there is the 28,000-mile-plus *Ultimate Canoe Challenge* of 1980-83, (or UCC for short) along both the Pacific and Atlantic coastlines, as well as going up and down most every major river in between, including the Mississippi and the Colorado — a great feat but definitely showing symptoms of a man possessed/obsessed.

The author of this book relates the essentials of each trip but also allows real insights into what motivated Verlen to set out on those mammoth ventures. He points out that Verlen always maintained that "all things are possible" (see title of this book) "with God," as Verlen always insisted, being a staunch church person (cf. Book of Matthew, Mark, Luke). After reading this biography, however, I would be tempted to add the phrase "but at a price."

Verlen started rather late in life as a canoeist (at age 42) and after a few years as a successful marathon racer, decided to go on those long trips to gain recognition, make history, and possibly fetch some fame. Already on his first big venture, the "Cross Country Canoe Safari" from Montreal to the Bering Sea, he had arranged for a videogra-



Book Review

All Things Are Possible The Verlen Kruger Story: 100,000 Miles by Paddle

By Phil Peterson, Sr.
304 pages, 9½x8½, Hardcover \$35
ISBN-10: 1-59193-138-X
ISBN-13: 978-1-59193-138-6

Reviewed by Reinhard Zollitsch

pher to take pictures of him and Clint along the way to record the event for posterity. Verlen even waited up for him for days on several occasions when the photographer was delayed. Recording his feat was oh so important for Verlen. The trip alone, so it seemed, was not enough and never was. Even when Verlen went up or down the Mississippi he did this to set a new record and made sure that an official for the *Guinness Book of Records* was there.

Early on Verlen lost his canoeing partner and best friend Jerry Cesar, who drowned in an unscouted rapid (Angel Falls on the White River, Canada in 1975) while Verlen was able to grab a tree branch and pull himself to safety. Jerry's family, as well as Verlen, were devastated but Verlen soon partnered with another accomplished paddler, Steve Landick, starting his longest trip ever, the "Ultimate Canoe Challenge" (1980-83), or UCC for short. And when in 1982 Steve experienced the tragic loss of his newborn child to SIDS, he interrupted the UCC along the California coast near Long Beach, saying he might not continue the trip.

They had already paddled together for 20,000 miles but Steve too was quickly replaced, by a young female fan from Seattle, Valerie Fons, who only had minimal experience in ocean paddling but was very enthused and extremely eager to learn from the master. Jenny immediately foresaw the end of their marriage.

Verlen knew only one thing, his trip had to go on. And when grief-stricken Steve was finally ready to resume the trip, he was bluntly told by Verlen that he had already committed to a new partner. Valerie was smitten by the old master, who in turn was so flattered that he was willing to drop his dear wife of many years, saying, "If you cannot accept Valerie in my life, there will have to be a divorce." (What was he thinking?) The divorce came in December of 1984, at the end of the UCC.

Steve, on the other hand, was not willing to throw away 20,000 miles, got a new partner (Ed Gillet), and paddled tandem the entire stretch from Long Beach to the southern tip of Baja and back up to the mouth of the Colorado, parallel to Verlen and Valerie, only much faster. And at that point, would you believe it, Steve replaced Valerie again, and the two men set out to establish yet another "world record" ascending the Colorado/Grand Canyon by canoe. (But why? Who really cares?)

Valerie went back home to Seattle for a while while Steve's partner Ed took home the tandem canoe he and Steve had paddled. When Steve came down with mono, Verlen went on, eventually replacing him again with Valerie. After a month out, Steve then had to play catch-up for the grand finale with Verlen in Lansing, Michigan. Valerie was relegated to a place in the welcoming crowd while the two "big boys" who started the trip together stood grinning into the cameras. If all this does not sound like playing musical chairs, bordering on a sad soap opera, I don't know what does.

At the end of the famed UCC Verlen was a changed man, or as he put it, "I just never came home from the UCC." He got a divorce from Jenny and married Valerie. Steve and Sarah also got divorced. Almost immediately after their return Verlen and Valerie started planning their next big adventure, the "Two Continent Canoe Expedition" of 1988-89, or "TCCE" for short. Verlen was only used to looking forward, the past was history.

The new trip looked like a wonderfully laid-out trip of 21,000 miles from the Bering Sea to Florida, across the Caribbean to Venezuela, up and down a few big rivers to Argentina and on to Cape Horn proper. And Valerie and Verlen did it — what a feat. I am impressed, despite the fact that they accepted some help here and there from other boats, hitching rides across big open water stretches and using a small outboard at times. This trip was definitely not a clean, unassisted trip as the UCC was.

Coming home was again hard on Verlen and he eventually divorced Valerie, got married to yet another younger, very enthused (unnamed) paddle friend in 1992 for his next big venture, the "Paddle to the Sea — Great Lakes and Beyond" trip, which never took off — nor did his third marriage, which ended in a quick divorce. Instead, he went back to his first wife Jenny, who finally, after years of renewed courtship, took the remorseful Verlen back, now being his first and fourth wife. His church was not so forgiving. The wedding took place on June 7, 1997. Verlen was 75, Jenny 70, and they lived happily ever after.

Verlen felt renewed and properly grounded again, found his old self, further developed and built his favorite solo Sea Wind and two person Cruiser, as well as a kayak-topped version of his Sea Wind named Dream Catcher, and plain enjoyed being someone people would look up to and admire, as well as being loved and at peace with the world, in a very humble and simple way, without being conceited.

In 2002 Verlen planned his last big canoe trip down the entire Yukon River, a lifelong dream of his since he knew time was running out for this 80-year-old. He invited all Kruger boat owners to join him (including the author of this book review who, however, already had plans to paddle the entire German

coast of the Baltic Sea to fulfill an old boy-hood dream of his own). As an outward sign of unity, as well as convenience, Verlen and Jenny rafted up their two Sea Winds and, in true Kruger fashion, finished the 2,000-mile trip, arriving just in time for the plane shuttle out and back to Lansing, Michigan.

On August 2, 2004, at the age of 82, Verlen died of cancer. He had previously apprenticed Mark Przedwojewski to make sure his boats would continue to be built in future years. Mark is now building Kruger boats in Irons, Michigan (see his web site, www.KrugerCanoes.com).

The author of this book (Phil Peterson, Sr.) in my estimation did an excellent and accurate job of weaving the various strands of action together with actual interview quotes from all major players as well as offering the reader insights into the respective motives for each important moment of this novel-like life of Verlen's. The book is thoroughly researched and has an easy flowing way of telling the tale, making the reader wonder what could possibly happen next.

It could have been a very boring "and then... and then" type of biography, but it is not. It also is not another book of hero worship, but rather gives the reader a fair account of all the "stuff" that lies behind a great man and a great achievement — a real human being, strong and frail at the same time. Only Valerie's point of view comes a tad short, in my opinion. For that I might have to read her account of the UCC in her book *Keep It Going*.

All in all, I enjoyed reading *All Things Are Possible* on many different levels, as a trip log with the many pretty pictures but also as a human interest story about Verlen, Jenny, Steve, and Valerie. And, of course, being a long-distance paddler myself, I am

interested in seeing how Verlen coped with all the challenges, stresses, fears, hardships, and temptations of such long trips and how he dealt with his own obsessing (if at all). Verlen most often shows paddlers or others questing in outdoor adventures what to do, but also with his own mistakes in life what not to do. He knew he was not perfect and that makes this book a very readable story.



Classic Sea Chests

Made from Northern Minnesota Tamarack
Beautiful Durable Wood

Call or Write

Arrowhead Boatworks

1592 Olsonville Rd.
Carlton, MN 55718-8112
(218) 384-3325
grinnell@callta.com



COMPASS ROSE REVIEW

"Views and Reviews from the Coast of Maine"

- Boats, books, waterfront life, links
- Entertaining, informative, and free

www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

www.klepperwest.com

We Specialize Exclusively in Folding Kayaks

Klepper West

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.

Somerset, CA 95684-0130

Factory Direct

BEST PRICES

Toll Free: 888-692-8092

CHESUNCOOK CANOE CO.

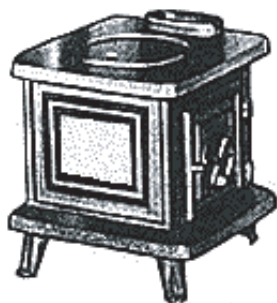
Classic boating at reasonable cost



Freighters for the Sound, the
River, lakes and streams

12' to 23' 2hp to 40hp
27 Highland Terrace • Ivoryton, CT • 860-575-2750
www.chesuncookcanoe.com
<<http://www.chesuncookcanoe.com>>
Call for business hours & directions

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

HAUTHAWAY ULTRA-LIGHT CARTOP BOATS

Custom Hand-Layup
Lightweight Fiberglass



RUSHTON CLASSICS

19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

NEW!

23-lb Rob Roy "Bucktail"
Double Paddling
5.5' Open Cockpit
Full Decks

ARCTIC - GREENLAND
34-lb "Seal-Bear"
17.75' Sea Kayak

CALL! CAL-TEK KAYAKS

P.O. Box 202
Kingston, MA 02364

(781) 585-5666

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing

Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

John Gardner/Catboats

In the March 15 issue Sharon Brown aptly quotes John Gardner's opinion that adapting past experience to current needs distinguishes history as a living, vital force, a conservative force, from mere antiquarianism and ancestor worship. John certainly was conservative in his effort to preserve traditional wooden boats, not just as pretty objects to be viewed in museum buildings, but more engagingly to be appreciated and enjoyed on the water. Gardner was not, however, conservative in the political sense. As a young man he was a socialist and in his old age he continued to have controversial opinions, even about traditional small boats. Wood, he noted, was originally used not for esthetic reasons but because it was cheap and readily available.

John began his talk, "Yachts and Yacht Yards in Transition," at Mystic Seaport's 1992 Yachting History Symposium by bluntly announcing that building wooden yachts is extinct for all practical purposes and should be studied by historians while first-hand accounts are still available. Heralding the working man, he added that while designers and manufacturers of wooden boats have been studied, the craftsmen who built the boats have been largely ignored. He insisted that those who worked on the shop floor have every bit as much right to be included in yachting history as rosters of clubs and winners of races (J. Lacey, *MAIB*, May 15, 1992.)

To distinguish "catboats" from "cat-rigged" boats such as dinghies, skiffs, and the like, I'd add to the Catboat Association's definition, "a boat traditionally fitted with a gaff-rigged sail set on a single mast well up forward in the eyes of the boat," that a catboat always displays an unusually ample beam, about half the length of the boat, as well as high freeboard, especially toward the bow, a thick, stubby mast, and is therefore a large and heavy boat for its waterline length. A catboat also usually sports a huge "barn door" rudder and a centerboard, both of which permit sailing in thin water. Like heavily built, beamy Dutch boats, the catboat was built to handle heavy seas. A hull of this type, even with a triangular sail or a "summer rig," which may add a small jib, is still a catboat. In common usage today a "cat-rigged" boat is any vessel with one mast and one sail.

Originally used for fishing from the Jersey shore to New England catboats, according to Peter Vermilya, became something like a maritime "multi-purpose pick-up truck" in the second half of the 19th century. Although most people associate the catboat with Cape Cod, the earliest known examples of the type were used in coastal New Jersey and New York's lower bay before 1850. In the early 1900s, when fishermen abandoned sail, catboats, because of their seaworthiness and charm, were adapted to sailing for pleasure.

The long boom and massive sail on many catboats may have originally been an adaptation for racing. The etymology of catboat? I've heard about a dozen suggestions, none of them convincing. In general, the etymology of the names of boat types is in a

sorry state, most sources saying that this or that name comes from a Dutch word of uncertain origin, which is not much help. As for the catboat, an American innovation, I don't think the name has anything to do with the domestic feline or even with a ship's cat-head. I would suggest the craft may first have been called a Barnegat Bay boat, then a Barnegat boat, then a gatboat, and finally a catboat.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT

Maine Island Trail Association Recognizes Karen Stimpson

When Karen Stimpson joined the Maine Island Trail Association 17 years ago the Trail covered only 68 islands, today it includes more than 160 island and mainland sites. Recently she was honored by more than 100 guests at a Gala Recognition Dinner at the Portland Yacht Club marking her retirement as Executive Director and commencement as Director of Philanthropy of MITA, which celebrates its 20th anniversary next year.

First as Trail Director and then as Executive Director, Karen guided not only MITA's expansion in Maine but also a national "water trail" movement that now extends west through New York State, the Midwest, and the Northwest, all modeled on MITA. In 2005 the Maine Island Trail was recognized by the American Canoe Association as one of the premier water trails in the country as well as the original one.

Under Karen's leadership MITA has prominently promoted "Leave No Trace" camping practices that now are recognized as common sense standards by most island visitors and it has provided managed public access to coastal islands owned by the state and local land trusts as well as member-only access to other islands owned by private individuals and families. MITA's stewardship of the publicly owned islands is provided by its members and funded primarily by their dues and gifts. Without MITA this cost would be borne by Maine taxpayers and the islands might not be so well maintained.

In a letter of congratulations to Karen, Maine's Governor Balducci expressed the gratitude of the people of Maine and the unique contribution of MITA to the preservation of Maine's naturally beautiful and fragile places.

MITA is a non-profit membership organization with offices at 58 Fore St., Portland, ME 04101, and maintains a website at www.mita.org <<http://www.mita.org/>>

About Nutmeg

I just finished reading James Fleet's "Building Kay" in the May 1 issue. As a proud parent of Nutmeg may I be allowed some comments? My modifications to Bolger's design were not to make the boat cartoppable, but to make the construction as simple and low cost as possible. We cartopped the original Feather Wind, built from Bolger's book, *Small Boats*, from Pennsylvania to a Mystic Small Craft Weekend around 1976 on our 1973 Pinto station wagon.

Bolger's design was unnecessarily complicated. The fixed leeboard and rudder made

it extremely difficult to operate off a beach. The first launch off a sandy beach on the Delaware River on a very windy day required that I row the boat offshore in breakers until my daughter could ship the rudder and a leeboard and we could fall off on a tack. With the Sunfish-type lateen rig she was very close winded and came about smartly. Later that year I sailed her at Lewes, Delaware, in company with several Sunfish and was able to match them without getting my bottom wet nor having to hike out. At Mystic the guys who tried her were most complimentary with remarks such as "she goes like a Laser."

When I built the first Nutmeg I broke a leeboard, too. Repaired it with fiberglass and epoxy and a 1"x2" splint fastened on edge to the outside. Any engineer who never has any-thing break is being too cautious in his designs.

Kay's rot problems could have been prevented by treating the whole boat with ethylene glycol auto antifreeze, spraying or painting it on as long as it would soak in. Keep children and pets away from any puddles or drips, but once it has dried they can lick or chew to their heart's content without any danger, although the attractive sweetness will no longer be there.

Pleased builders have reported from Argentina, Greece, Marshall Islands, Finland, Philippines, and all over the U.S. and Canada.

Last year I sold the plans business to Thom Vetromile at smallboatforum.com. He is selling them.

Smooth Sailing!

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Gem of an Article and Optimist Plans

Alan Hamlett's gem of an article on freighter canoes illuminated a boat category overlooked and under-utilized. The more I read, the more I became persuaded that this type of boat really fills the niche for people from a paddle and sail background like myself who have the itch for a small motorized expedition boat. Mr. Hamlett's reporting opened the door to a new realm of possibilities.

On another topic, I would like to let the *MAIB* community know that our local boat building group, the Cleveland Amateur Boatbuilding and Boating Society (CABBS), has produced a set of plans for building an Optimist dinghy. This popular boat is a great sail trainer for kids and is easy to build. Last summer CABBS helped 15 middle school kids build five of these Optimist dinghies in about 30 hours from parts cut out by CABBS members. You can learn more about the availability of the plans at our website www.CABBS.org.

Ed Neal, Westlake, OH

Opinions...

Think Globally, Buy Locally

Rodger Swanson's article so named in the April 1 issue was right on the mark. I knew the hardware store he was talking about even before he named it. Years ago I lived in Windsor, Connecticut, and would go there often, sometimes a couple times a day while working on projects. When I moved to Geneva, Illinois, there was a similar hardware store that was close enough for me to walk to. I wish there was one of those nearby now, I would surely support it.

Henry Champagney, Greenback, TN

Likes His Lund

I'd like to comment respectfully on Alan Hamlet's piece about freighter canoes in the April 1 issue. I also have a 21' Scott Hudson Bay canoe, also acquired from Bill Haggerty's Chesuncook Canoe operation in Connecticut. Mine, like Mr. Hamlet's, is powered by a Honda four-stroke 15. I agree that these boats have a lot to offer and I'm very happy with mine. They're inexpensive, economical to run, can carry a pretty good load, and are nice looking as well in an unobtrusive way. They're shoal draft, easy to maneuver with a pushpole, and simple to trailer.

But I don't agree with Mr. Hamlet when he compares the canoe with the Lund 18' aluminum skiff and finds the canoe far superior. They are two very different boats, but in my view the Lund can do most of the canoe's jobs better than the canoe can do the Lund's. If I were only allowed to own one boat (no doubt the government will one day issue such a decree) I'd want to have the Lund.

I'm now on my second Lund 18 and have been running these boats for, I guess, at least 20 years. They don't need 50hp as Mr. Hamlet asserts. I've run them with motors of 25hp and 40hp and for almost all operations the smaller motor works fine. My boat has a Yamaha 25 two-stroke on it now and I like it a lot. If it wears out I'll get a four-stroke but I suspect I'll wear out before the motor does.

Once, coming back across Tangier Sound from Smith Island, a 12-mile run, on an uncharacteristically calm morning when I was in a big hurry for some reason, I remember wishing I had the 40. But that was unusual. I've had five people in the boat breaking thin ice in the Susquehanna River while doing the Audubon Christmas bird count and found the 25 perfectly adequate.

The Lund isn't pretty the way the freighter canoe is but it's incredibly durable and very good in big water if the operator is careful and doesn't hurry. The Scott canoe handles a sea remarkably well but the Lund is steadier and drier and I think safer, too. On the other hand, the canoe is easier to pull up on a beach and much quieter than the aluminum Lund (mine is named the *Clink*) when you're working up into a marsh to see what's there.

In any case, they're both good boats and are both outstanding for certain jobs. I'm glad Mr. Hamlet likes his canoe. But that clinky old tin boat of mine is pretty special, too.

Peter Jay, Churchville, MD

More on Licensing Boat Operators

Enclosed is an article from our local newspaper illustrating why we think some sort of license should be required for operating a boat. We say "sort of" as automobile drivers are licensed vehicle drivers yet they seem to be able to kill each other at a rate of over 40,000 a year.

I have been boating for over 50 years and in my youth I was a merchant seaman. I've been boating on the Suwannee River for about 40 years. Out there I think to myself that it can't get any worse than this, but it does. No one seems to know the rules of the waterways, or care. We never go out on the water on weekends or holidays as its just too risky.

Then here is always the possibility of the state using the licensing procedure as a source of general funds.

You make a very good point in your April 1 "Commentary." Even if we just got people to read the rules and gave them a cer-

tificate it would help. It has gotten so bad we are afraid the state will step in and do something stupid. Maybe we boaters could come up with a plan of some sort. Think you have a fine publication, glad we happen on to it.

James R. Garrity, Branford, FL 32008

Editor Comments: The newspaper article concerned a man killed when his 17', 70hp outboard hit a cypress tree at 40mph on Florida's Suwannee River. He was 57, an age that the state of Washington exempts from its boat operator education program which I discussed in my May 15 "Commentary!" This news article read just like a typical highway accident report. Same thing, afloat or on the road. Accidents happen.

Regarding Small Boat Safety Gear

Your excellent March 15 issue contained two articles referring to small boat safety gear about which I have a couple of thoughts.

Tom Fulk's "Boating and Darwin's Theory of Evolution" offers sobering testimony to the need for PFDs and the evolutionary superiority of those who wear them. So Messers, wear those PFDS and make sure everyone else on board does, too, not just the kids!


Second, David Kline's highly readable account of explorations on "Tidal Rivers" concludes with a checklist of safety gear. I heartily endorse everything on this list but would add one more small item, a whistle. This story explains why.

One afternoon while we were pointing quietly in the Snark in a mild breeze, moving too slowly to kick up any kind of splashing bow wave, we saw a Boston Whaler with a big outboard heading towards us. The Whaler's helmsman had turned to bring an inflatable ring on a tow rope within reach of a child in the water. The helmsman, the father no doubt, was getting ready to take the child for a tow ride. His full attention and that of another child spotting in the stern was on the rider. If the Whaler gunned the throttle on the course on which it was headed, it would have smashed directly into our little Snark.

I didn't want to presume the Whaler was unaware of me and blast my police whistle gratuitously. I started to sail out of the way. Then the father called out, "You ready?" to the child astern and I decided I'd better toot him a shrill salute. Both the helmsman and spotter turned their heads forward so fast it was clear that the whistle had startled them. They had been paying so much attention to their tow that they were oblivious to the Snark and almost rammed us. Occupants of both boats were glad I had that whistle!

Rob Gogan, Acton, MA

NEW
USED



KAYAKS
Boréal Design
Wilderness Systems—Old Town
Necky—Ocean—Perception—Liquid Logic

CANOES
Ranger—Old Town—Radisson
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Ticket to Drive

I like to drive *Puxe* up and down the river. She's a 22'x4'10" motor launch with an 8hp Honda outboard. So on April 10, 2007, I earned my New Jersey State Powerboat Operator's License. New Jersey now requires a license to operate any boat with a motor. To ensure our success on the test, my friend Janet and I took a six-hour Power Squadron course. It was extremely educational. Among other things we learned that "having consideration for others is important when operating a PWC," "the use of alcohol and drugs affects a person's judgment," and "trolling a lure behind your slow-moving boat gives you no special rights or privileges." We were also assured by the instructor that any boat that "goes outside" (i.e., along the coast) should be built of "really heavy fiberglass."

The ambiance of the class was not unlike that in Drunk Driving School (so I've been told), no one wanted to be there. Janet and I discovered that having a couple of drinks with dinner before classes did not affect our judgment and made it easier for us to learn. We learned about "Boat Nomenclature," "Anchor Nomenclature," "Crossed Chains at Trailer Hitch," "Sound Producing Devices," and "Keep Fire Downwind." We also learned to "keep a sharp eye out for anything that looks peculiar or out of the ordinary" and report it to the Coast Guard or Homeland Security.

Passing the test was no cakewalk. Here is a sample question:

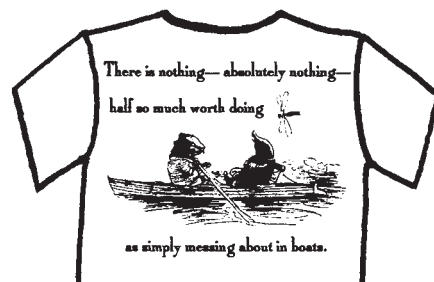
Three factors affect the seaworthiness and safety of a vessel: its design, construction materials, and:

- a) baggywrinkle
- b) type of head
- c) size
- d) cockpit

The correct answer is c).

Janet and I are safer powerboat operators now. On a recent cruise we kept fire downwind, tooted our sound-producing devices, crossed our chains, and didn't expect any special rights when trolling a lure. We reported lots of things that looked peculiar or out of the ordinary, including a Bolger Folding Schooner, to Homeland Security. And we waved at all the PWCs because of their consideration.

Carol A. Jones, NJ



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com

Second Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival

By Turner Matthews
William Monette Photos

This year, in a last minute venue change caused by long-awaited and ill-timed water-front dredging and parking lot construction which blocked the access to our camp site in Cortez, the Festival was held on Sarasota Bay at the Sarasota Sailing Squadron Facility. Despite the change, there was a very healthy response with around 130 registered participants and a total of 55 boats. Participants came from the Mid-Atlantic States and from as far away as Michigan, Wisconsin, and New York. We were happy to see many familiar faces and boats from the Mid-Atlantic Festival which many of our members have attended the last several years.

The activities began on Thursday afternoon with the gunkhole camping trip to Sister Key at the upper end of Sarasota Bay. Larry Page was again in charge and all reports indicated that everyone really enjoyed it. The sail down Sarasota Bay the next day to the Sailing Squadron site (around ten miles) was in a fresh reaching breeze and lasted between two and four or more hours, depending upon how much of the bottom of the bay was to be closely encountered.

Fifty-five people showed up for the Friday night pot luck dinner featuring chicken and rice cooked by local TSCA President Paul Thomas, along with fresh boiled gulf shrimp from Cortez.

Saturday brought a beautiful sunny day with a gradually increasing breeze which worked well as the paddle and rowing races were not too affected by the wind, but by the afternoon the sail race was run in 15kt to 20kt winds. Because of a wind shift after placement of the course buoys, the race was two broad reaches and a close reach to the finish. Human ballast was the key and those who had waterline length and sufficient people on board to keep the boat upright excelled, with the lead boat finishing the 2½ mile course in 22 minutes. As seen from the photos, those with insufficient ballast had other issues to deal with. Out of 18 boats that turned out to race, 13 finished.

Our excellent speaker for the evening was Kendall Butler from the Bahamian government who gave a very interesting presentation on the influence of Bahamian boat-building in Florida and the U.S. in general.

Sunday's activities were canceled due to an approaching cold front which came through Sunday morning with a band of severe showers followed by 25kt to 30kt winds from the northwest.

Although the Festival will be back in Cortez next year, the experience at the Sailing Squadron gave us TSCA members a chance to show off a little and let the sailors there have a taste of simple, traditional fun on the water. Of particular interest to me was the participation of several of the youth sailing members in our race and the interest by their director in having them exposed to the building and sailing of these boats. Further meetings with him are planned.

In the meantime, mark your calendar for next April and make plans to join us for this growing event.



Start of race.



Museum's 21' spritsail skiff Sally Adams. They had the ballast!

Sailing canoe.





Overall race winner was this Sea Pearl, they had it just right.



Consequence of a lack of ballast.



Doug Burrill's 21' skipjack Hope has sailed to Cuba and the Bahamas.

Glen L 14'sailing skiff.



Griffith Woodworks



DAVIS GRIFFITH
COFFIN MAKER
23 NORMAN STREET
MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS 01945 • 781.631.8927
WWW.GRIFFITHWOODWORKS.COM • DAVIS@GRIFFITHWOODWORKS.COM

John Guidera and I drove down to Florida in convoy; camper, car, and two boats on trailers. We pushed hard and made it in two days, just in time to make the gunkholing expedition that the Florida Maritime Museum had scheduled to transfer boats to Sarasota, ten miles south of Cortez.

We left Wednesday afternoon and camped on a spoil island, Sister Key, three miles south of Cortez. I was in my Brady Weissinger melonseed, Larry Page in his Swampscott dory, Roland and Pat Anderson in their boat of unknown origin, similar to a Glen-L 15 but gaff rig. Kurt Bowman had a Drascombe Scaffie named *Becky Thatcher* for which he had built an ingenious tent. He hauled his boat up on the beach to sleep. Greg DeCowsky, his sister Nancy, and friend Cherie, were all aboard a Bahama dinghy, *Babe*, that he had borrowed from the Museum for the weekend.

The night was a joy. We dredged from the beach a heavy layer of marl to act as a firebrick liner for a firepit and gathered enough wood for a good talking fire where we all swapped lies. Then we retired to our tents for the night. There was a squad of really rammy raccoons who would stop at nothing to get at our food. Greg passed around a few fingers of very fine Gosling's rum to keep the crew from "rumblings of mutiny" or "trouble down the pits." Spoil islands have a reputation for lots of insect life but we had few problems that night snug in our tents. The raccoons had held a dance leaving muddy pawprints on my deck and on *Babe's* rudder, of all places.

The next morning was sunny and fine for the ten-mile run down Anna Maria Sound to Sarasota in a hull speed easterly. We had allowed four hours for the passage but most finished in a little over two. There was a very shoal bar halfway along. I knew it was coming, a wide patch with no ripples was adequate warning of trouble even though it was a little cloudy to read the water well, but I figured a melonseed is made for shoal water. She scraped a couple of times and I finally had to jump out and run alongside with the mainsheet in my hand to sail her over the last few yards. Even with lots of sunscreen we were tired and red before we reached the Sarasota Boating Club.

John had driven down and we spent the night in his camper. The FGCTSCA put together a fine potluck supper of yellow rice and cold shrimp and our chapter representa-

News from Cortez

By Mike Wick

More Photos Courtesy Dave Lucas:

Reprinted from *Mainsheet*, newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

tives sat together with our new friends. We had already convinced the Andersons that they should meet us on the Virginia barrier islands for some more gunkholing as soon as we got our boats north again.

Next was the race on a fine windy day. Bill and Karen Rutherford had flown down for the festival since they had had such a good time there with Wendy and Peter Byar last year. Remembering how I had mis-sailed the course at St. Michaels because I was sailing during the skippers' meeting, I spent the morning tuning my gaff rig and testing with plenty of time left over for the meeting.

John and I carefully eyeballed the fleet of Cortez melonseeds. They looked smooth. Would they be as fast as we feared? They used 4" PVC pipe for mast hoops so they must be good. Bill and Karen took photographs of us and of the competition.

We cornered David Lucas, the man who was behind the building of the Cortez fleet, as he admired and sized up our northern addition to the fleet. David may put on an "Aw, shucks" attitude but he is a facilitator. Seeing the fleet showed me the extent of his achievement. Mark, from Boston, had towed down a fiberglass Crawford melonseed to act as control for the fleet of six wooden melonseeds.

The rest of the fleet was a menagerie of Bahama dinghies, sharpies, and a Chesapeake bugeye. There was even an antique Old Town canoe at the start and that seemed to me to be the definition of cojones. He must have been one busy sailorman in that much wind against the tide on top of substantial powerboat wakes.

The instructions were comprehensive, Turner Matthews was in charge. The fleet would sail around a couple of marks that were over there somewhere. And there wouldn't be any protests heard so nobody should bother making any. There were going to be classes but the committee would announce them later when they knew which boats were sailing. There should be different flags for different parts of the countdown for the start but there was only one flag and the

ants had eaten the second flagpole. It would be the same flag for the different minutes of the countdown. If you don't know how many minutes to the start, just ask someone. Bahamian rules, Bahamian principles. It isn't manana in the Out Islands, it is directly, as in "I'll get to it, directly."

There was plenty of wind. I had in a single reef. I saw David Lucas with full sail but he had crew. I didn't want to chance losing everything in a quick capsize. *Jolly Codger* is still a new boat to me. I tried a couple of timid jibes before the start and was amazed at the stability of my new mount in these conditions.

When the gun went off I was close to the committee boat and in a good position. John was confused about the time and had to do a 360 before he could start. His excuse was that it was a Bahamian start, ten minutes late. On the run down to the first mark I passed up a chance to slam a French luff into a Bahama dinghy. I remembered there were no protests and his boat was built more substantially than mine. Anyway, he wasn't my competition. In a quiet moment I looked back, a lot of boats were back there and not very far back. "You go, girl."

At the first mark a couple of boats were in front of me, but only two melonseeds, so I just hung on hoping for the best. No yelling for "mast abeam" or for "water," just get boat speed. Thanks to the skill of Cad Weissinger, my factory team, I was in the pack with a fast boat. "This is fun."

The final beat wasn't a beat at all, just a close reach. The wind had clocked after the race committee set the marks. I was able to pass one of the Cortez melonseeds but David Lucas was still right ahead of me. He was still ahead of me at the finish line. But there is always next year.

Back home I got out my catalogs. "Let's see, a few square yards of Kevlar, some carbon fiber ribbon, titanium, spectra, dynema, maybe some spent uranium for ballast, and I'll be able to close the gap." More important, I found out that the gaff rig is really fun to sail. It may be that there is much sail area down low so she has lots of power without the heeling tendency of a taller rig. I have sailed on bigger gaff rig boats but this was a lot more intimate. I really enjoyed pulling on all the strings. She accelerated like a sports car.

Was it worth all the miles, driving, and towing our boats? "You bet." Will I be back here? "You bet."



Left: Foreground, *Babe*, the borrowed Bahama dinghy. Next over is *Sally Adams*, a single masted sharpie, the soft-top launch *Chelsea*, and a couple of the Cortez-built melonseeds.



Right: Dave Lucas clubhauls his Melonseed during one of those life-defining moments. "Shouldaputa reef in first."



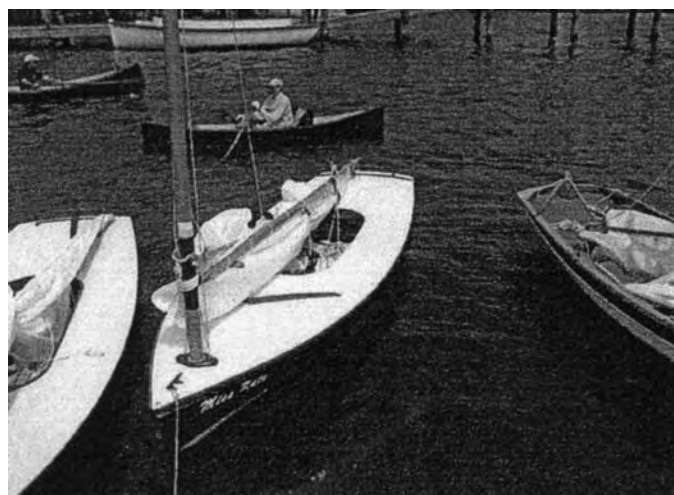
Melonseed as tramp steamer? Interesting concept. I'm about to sort out my cargo after a damp, second place finish in the Cortez race.



Another shot of the sharpie *Sally Adams* and the launch *Chelsea*, plus an "Asplundh orange" 'seed.



John's 'seed at rest, *Jolly Codger* at water's edge.



'Seeds, more 'seeds and a couple of nice pulling boats (background) as well.

Not sure what we've got here but I recognize a Norseboat at the back, Swampscott in front of it? Then some kinda plastic tu, and a real pretty lapstrake in front.



Magic, another pretty launch. Gotta have sun protection in Florida.

It was dead low tide and there were 20 yards of mud stretched between *Oaracle* and the beach at Chokoloskee Island, three miles south of Everglades City, Florida. Noel and I were only a few steps off *Oaracle* and we were in trouble. The mud was black, smelly, sticky, and soft. We were sinking to almost the tops of our boots as we struggled ashore.

Disaster hit Noel first. He had spent five hours carefully drying his right hand sailing glove. Now he lost his balance and pitched forward, burying his begloved hand past the wrist. Worse, he couldn't extricate himself except by plunging his left hand into the ooze for balance. Struggling upright, he wavered for a moment, then lost his balance again and sat down heavily in the muck. After a worrisome moment, Noel roared with laughter. I knew I had the right crew.

My fate wasn't much better. Struggling only a couple steps further, I pitched forward on my hands and knees. A couple steps further, I did it again, half pulling my right foot out of the boot and slightly spraining my big toe. Soon boots were academic as the mud sucked them off my feet. When we finally made the beach, me with the boots in hand, I thought we looked like a couple of extras in an old silent movie farce and half expected to see someone hand cranking an ancient movie camera and a director yelling "cut!"). It was hard to tell our foul (now in more ways than one) weather pants were yellow through the caked mud. Fortunately it was almost midnight and too dark for anyone to memorialize our ungraceful landing on video. The shore crew, Denise and Leon, escorted us to a hose to clean up (Noel was literally clawing handfuls of the foul ooze off his backside) and then to the lockbox to sign in. Gordy cooked us the world's best tasting hamburgers, or so it seemed at the time.

But more than 40 hours into the 2007 running of the Everglades Challenge, a 300-mile adventure race from the mouth of Tampa Bay to Key Largo, we were at Checkpoint 2, more than halfway to the finish. Incredibly to us, *Oaracle*, a Jim Michalak-designed Frolic2 sailboat, was running fourth.

If the landing was low comedy, we were soon reminded that an Everglades Challenge is serious business. Catching some rest on the beach were XLXS, Carter Johnson, Manitou Cruiser, and Mark Przedwojewski (XLXS and Manitou Cruiser are their tribal nicknames), who were in kayaks and traveling alone. Sleep was imperative as the tough conditions of the first day and a half had worn them down. Noel and I had been able to take turns at the helm and rest and so were feeling relatively fresh. We decided to depart without a nap. We had no illusions about our ability to stay in front of them for the rest of the race, but for a brief shining moment we could claim to be second overall in the EC.

It was briefer than expected. We drifted, rowed (slowly) against tide and wind, and sailed to clear the twisty Chokoloskee Pass in the post-midnight, cloudy dark. Once in the Gulf of Mexico we promptly ran into the strongest winds of the trip. Aside from the whine in the rigging, there was a moan in the wind we hadn't heard before and a confused pattern of waves tossed *Oaracle* like a wood chip. We had double-reefed the sail as a precaution before leaving but *Oaracle* still felt overpowered. The waves threatened a broach and the rolling threatened a gybe. Ominous sounds came from the boat as it lurched through the slop.

Doing the Everglades Challenge

By Gary Blankenship

It was the first time in what had been fairly rugged conditions that *Oaracle* felt in danger of getting out of control. So we dropped the main and used the mizzen to reach back to the protection of the 10,000 islands south of Everglades City. Eventually we anchored behind Crate Key, next to Rabbit Key. Putting our dry bags in the cockpit, we had enough room to sleep head-to-toe in *Oaracle*'s small cabin waiting for the winds and waves to die.

So it went for WaterTribe's 2007 Everglades Challenge, a competition for kayaks, canoes, and small sailboats. This year 37 craft left the beach at Ft. DeSoto Park on the northern side of Tampa Bay. About another 15 were in the shorter Ultra Marathon. The course takes them 67 miles south to Placida, either via the Gulf of Mexico or the more protected Intracoastal Waterway, site of the first required checkpoint (and the finish line for the Ultra Marathon). Another 90-odd miles takes them to the mud of Chokoloskee, the second checkpoint. From there competitors have a choice of going through the Everglades on the Wilderness Waterway or going around the Glades on the Gulf to Flamingo, the third checkpoint. It's more than 90 miles via the waterway and significantly less on the outside route.

Some compromise by sailing outside to the Shark or Little Shark rivers and then taking those to Whitewater Bay, following a marked route across that to Flamingo. From Flamingo to Key Largo is the shortest leg, only 34 or 35 miles. But it crosses the shoals of Florida Bay where in many places navigation is restricted to narrow channels not wide enough to tack a sailboat. Against the current and wind, and the prevailing winds are typically contrary, it can be brutal for paddled craft and impossible for sailing ones.

Integral to the challenge are the "filters" designed by WaterTribe founder Steve Isaacs, whose tribal nickname is Chief (we all have nicknames; I'm Lugnut and Noel is Root). The first is that all boats must be launched by the crew from above the high water mark and the race always starts at low tide. Anchors, pulleys, come alongs, etc., are perfectly all right to use, but the competitor must carry all such launching gear for the entire challenge. We used a couple of inflatable fenders as rollers and were able to push the boat to the water.

The next filter is at CP 1. To get to the checkpoint it's necessary to get up a tidal creek passing under a fixed bridge with about 9' of vertical clearance and 10' of horizontal clearance. For sailboats that means the mast(s) must come down and the boat must be sculled or paddled under the bridge as it's too narrow for oars. If tide and wind are against us it adds to the excitement. The remaining filters are just the challenge of getting in and out of the checkpoints and across the shoals and channels of Florida Bay.

As Noel commented, part of the (evil?) genius of Chief's course and filters is that each type of craft will have its advantages and disadvantages. Sailboats can eat up the open parts of the course with reaching and

running winds, but getting in and out of narrow inlets and the checkpoints, especially CP 1, can be an exercise in frustration. Canoes and kayaks can excel in the protected parts of the course but can have trouble on the open water parts if it's rough. Both types can struggle in Florida Bay where the courses are pretty much pre-chosen through existing channels and passes and the competitor may be doomed to a long day of padding into a stiff wind or sailing against it in shallow and constricted water.

Add to that the weather, which can be nasty in the Florida spring. Veterans counted 2007 as one of the rougher challenges and about a third of the competitors who launched from Ft. DeSoto dropped out before the finish in both the Everglades Challenge and the Ultra Marathon. There are four classes: Class 1 is for kayaks and canoes with downwind sails only, limited in size to 1sm per crew member. Class 2 (including XLXS) is for paddled kayaks and canoes without any sails. Class 3 (including Manitou Cruiser) is for kayaks and canoes with full (but demountable and storable) sailing rigs, including leeboards or centerboards and outriggers or amas. Class 4 is for small sailboats and everything else.

This year Noel Davis of the FurlerSails.com sailing podcast had agreed to crew with me. Ironically I never knew that Noel, wife Christy, and their children lived in the Tallahassee area like we did until I invited him after he did a podcast on WaterTribe. Small world.

My wife, Helen (Wingnut is her tribal name but she is known to the crew of *Oaracle* as the Admiral) assumed the role of ground contact and chief cheerleader. She also gave us the terse and off-repeated orders for the EC. We were to sleep in shifts and in good weather keep *Oaracle* going 24/7. Noel and I were not sure she would accept shipwreck, alligator attack, or broken bones as an excuse for not pressing on.

Our landing and departure from Chokoloskee was a microcosm of our challenge. There were few easy miles and the further we went, the tougher the miles got.

Launching day had me in my usual nervous state. The winds the previous two days had been from the southwest, frequently as high as 20-25mph. That's bad as the course down the coast is just east of south. A strong southwest wind means high seas on the outside, being close hauled, and perhaps long and short tacks to make progress. The inside route is restricted by narrow channels and shoals for much of its length with trees and buildings blocking such a cross-course wind in many places.

I contemplated not launching and waiting for more favorable winds, but by the start, Saturday March 3, the wind, as forecast, had swung around to the north and northeast. The velocity had dropped slightly but it was still a strong wind. We left with a reef already tied in the main. The launch morning was the normal last minute rush of loading supplies, getting a group picture, and prepping the boat. Chief issued a prescient warning, while the water appeared calm close to shore, the strong off-shore breeze meant it would get rough quickly. Our last decision was to raise the main while ashore so when we hit the water we could jump in and go. And suddenly it was 7am. The kayaks headed for the water and soon so were Roo, Graham Brynes, and Tinker, Randy Marshall, with Roo's custom



Oaracle on the beach the day before the start. Skip Johnson's P-52 is behind *Oaracle*.



The "Admiral" giving orders to the author.



Chuck Leinweber of Duckworksmagazine.com snaps a picture of our launch, shortly before he and Skip Johnson launched Skip's proa.

Pushing off and clearing a sandbar a few feet offshore.



By the time we got to the south side of Tampa Bay, a 3-4' chop had built up, which had *Oaracle* surfing along. This picture always makes me feel salty, until I remember it was shot by Matt Layden who was out there in his 8' pram.



Noel at the helm, making good speed in the fresh winds and flat waters of the bays south of Sarasota.

Noel stretches as we approach the first drawbridge (30' clearance, no problem for *Oaracle*) just past the Venice Inlet. Photo by Marty Sullivan, a Watertriber passing us in a kayak.



designed Everglades Challenge 22, an impressive sight. We followed Roo to the water and by 7:05am we were launched and underway.

Chief was right. About a half mile offshore things did get rough. In front of us a sit-on-top kayaker in the Ultra Marathon portion of the event (which ends at CP 1) had flipped. Every time he got back on the narrow craft, it rolled over. We rounded up as another kayaker pulled alongside to help. Matt Layden (Wizard) stopped with his new 8' pram, in perfect control. And then another kayak overturned a few yards further out. We went back to the first overturned one. The rescuing kayak asked us to escort the troubled sit-on-top kayak, its owner acknowledging it was the wrong craft for such a rough day, back to shore. Noel and the kayaker kept a firm grip to keep the kayak alongside and aimed as straight as possible while we slowly headed back to shore, eventually dropping the competitor about a mile up the beach from the start. Then it was back to the race. (This kayaker wasn't alone, there were at least four or five boats that sustained damage and were out of the race by the time they crossed Tampa Bay, or shortly thereafter).

The north wind meant the inside ICW route was practical, and maybe even preferable. The northerly wind tends to funnel through the waterway in the narrow areas and *Oaracle's* short mainmast means there are only two swing bridges and one drawbridge on the way to CP 1 that have to open for her. The cool temperatures and strong northerly wind also kept the powerboat traffic at a minimum, at least until mid-afternoon.

The further we got across Tampa Bay toward Sarasota Bay, the rougher the seas. By the time we crossed we were surfing down the 3-4' chop and had caught up with the back end of the fleet taking the inside route. The water calmed a bit as we left Tampa Bay and was positively placid behind an island that protected us from the chop and most of the boisterous wind. Our "five-minute vacation," as we dubbed it, was interrupted by a Coast Guard RIB passing close by, dragging a big wake. The wave rolled *Oaracle* violently, the worst wake of the entire trip.

As we left the calm and entered the more open Sarasota Bay the waves began to churn up. Helen's report for us on the WaterTribe website had it right. Tampa Bay was like being tossed in a commercial washing machine, Sarasota Bay was like a home machine.

Many WaterTribe participants have spoken about hallucinations and I had them in my first contest in 2004. But a mere four hours after the start, as we sailed through Sarasota, I had reason to worry about Noel when he said there was a boat approaching carrying palm trees. In fairness, it should be noted that Noel's eyesight is much better than mine. But palm trees? It turned out he was right. A barge type boat was outfitted to offer tours of the Sarasota waterfront, including palm trees on the upper deck. We shook our heads.

By then we had passed most of the paddlers who had opted for the inside route, most of the Class 4 boats appeared to have chosen the open Gulf or launched behind us. Once we were through Sarasota Bay, into Little Sarasota Bay, Roberts Bay, and the channels leading to Venice, the wind eased, or maybe it was just blocked more. We unreefed the sail and continued to make good

progress, albeit a bit slower. Some of the faster paddlers, led by Manitou Cruiser resolutely padding and sailing, began to catch us. Then team RAF, two trimarans built by engineering students from North Carolina State University who launched after us, slid by effortlessly. Obviously they had very fast boats. Shortly thereafter a cluster of kayakers caught up, including Sandy Bottom, mother of one of the RAF team.

At Venice Inlet the RAF guys chose to go outside while we and the kayakers opted for the manmade channel that leads to Lemon Bay. Salty Frog (Marty Sullivan, one of the most skilled, experienced, and fastest of the WaterTribe paddlers) snapped a picture as he went past. We settled into a group, sort of an ad hoc, ad hoc team (an inside joke for WaterTribers), consisting of us, Savannah Dan and Paddlemaker in a double kayak, Sandy Bottom in her Class 3 sailing kayak, KiwiBird in her Class 1 downwind kayak, and a solo pure paddling kayaker whose name I never got.

The next 90 or so minutes were one of the highlights of the trip as we chatted and cruised down the channel. *Oaracle* is a spartan craft by sailboat standards, but compared to the kayaks we were a luxury liner, a contrast that drew some comment from our compatriots. Noel and I tried not to be too ostentatious as we stood and stretched and talked about having hot cocoa.

As the channel emptied into Lemon Bay the wind became less blocked and we began to pull away from the paddlers. Stump Pass came abeam and the light began to fade, and by the time we were at the narrow channel at the end of Lemon Bay it was dark. After we dodged a ferry on the way, the channel led to the start of Gasparilla Sound. Following the twisting channel the mile or so to the swing bridge isn't easy in the dark. The bridge tender acknowledged our call but was a bit late opening (at one point he called to ask if we were a sailboat approaching from the south, there was no sailboat on the south and we were about to run into the bridge from the north!) and we had to gybe around with Noel at the helm alertly avoiding Manitou Cruiser who had appeared at our side.

We finally slid past the bridge and the open railroad bridge a couple hundred yards further on. Then it was to the flashing red channel light that marked the turn into the side channel that would take us to CP 1. The wind was enough northeast that *Oaracle* could not sail up the side channel so we lowered sail. We began drifting back toward the flashing marker but got the mast and sail down and deployed the oardles (*Oaracle's* oars, made from a cast-off aluminum double paddle) in time, our only mild panic party of the day.

As we rowed up the channel Savannah Dan and Paddlemaker passed us and we had a pleasant, short chat. We rounded a corner, pulled out the oars to use as paddles under the fixed bridge, reshipped the oars, and what seemed like a few strokes later, Noel at the helm eased us to a perfect landing at Grand Tours in Placida, the eagerly sought CP 1. It was 8:58pm, just shy of 14 hours after the start.

Decision time. We hadn't made any long-term plans but left the decision on how to proceed until we reached CP 1. We could go back under the fixed bridge and anchor for the night or we could press on. We both felt in good shape and had made time during

the day to take turns lying down either in the cockpit or below. I don't think either of us actually slept, but we felt rested. We decided to take our time at CP 1, eat a hot meal, go over the chart, stretch our legs, and then keep going. We would also double reef the main since the wind seemed to be picking up. During the easier parts of the upcoming course, when we both weren't needed to sail and navigate, we would take turns at the helm with the off watch resting below. If we got tired there were plenty of good anchorages past Cayo Costo on the south side of Charlotte Harbor a few hours ahead. Otherwise, we would continue down Pine Island Sound.

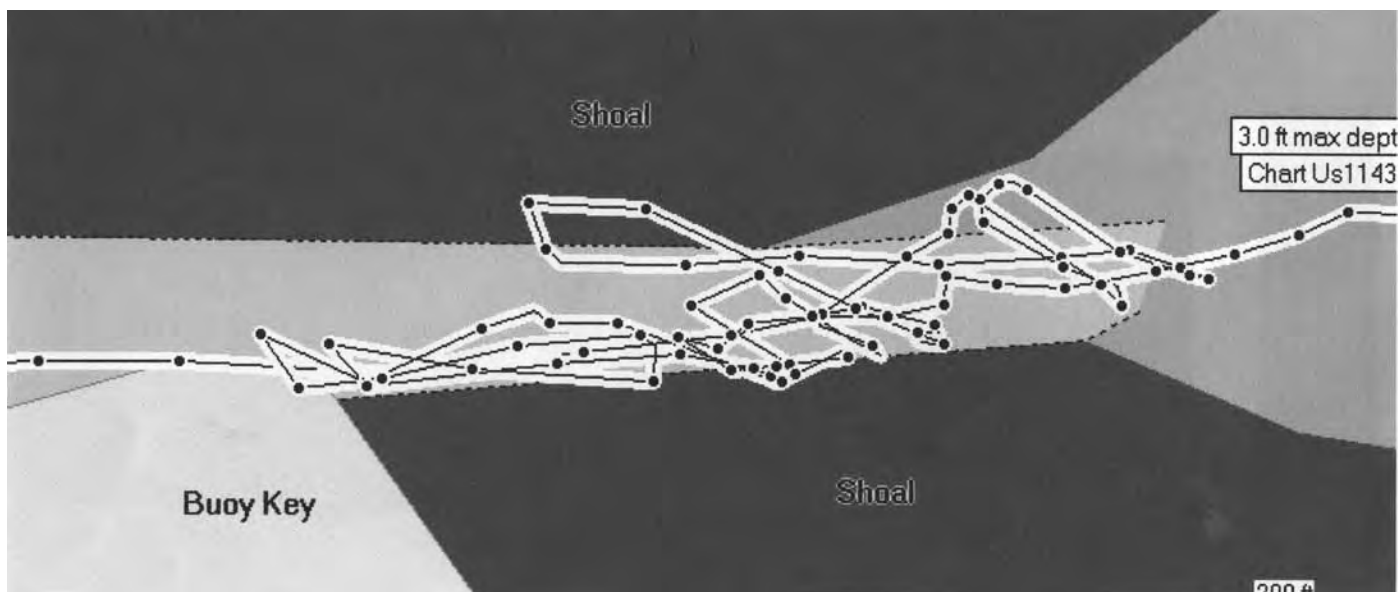
The plan worked. We were each able to get rest below as we headed south. While I don't think either of us slept soundly, we both dozed and we never felt tired. We were also glad for the double reef, our speed stayed around 5kts despite the reduced sail.

The closer we got to Charlotte Harbor and the mouth of Boca Grande Inlet, the rougher the water got, not surprising since there were miles of fetch for the waves to build up in the north-to-northeast wind. Noel was below and he soon came up to marvel at the motion. He later told me as he came out of the cabin he was amazed at the size of the waves coming from astern, dimly illuminated by the stern light. I was too busy looking forward for anything but a quick glance aft. His next thought was he hoped he wouldn't be called on to steer, which came about 45 seconds before I announced I was tired, wanted to lay down in the cabin, and could he take the helm? Noel gamely did, without a word, and did fine as I went below and actually fell into a light sleep. We agreed it was our third "washing machine" of the day.

The water settled down as we got around Cayo Costo. Since we both had had some rest and still felt fresh, we continued on down Pine Island Sound, taking turns steering and resting. By early morning we had reached the Sound's south end where the ICW jogs east. The winds went light and we had to do some long and short tacking, once scraping the bottom with the leeboard when we got south of the channel. With the weather forecasts calling for strong winds we decided to leave the double reef in rather than do a lot of sail handling in the dark.

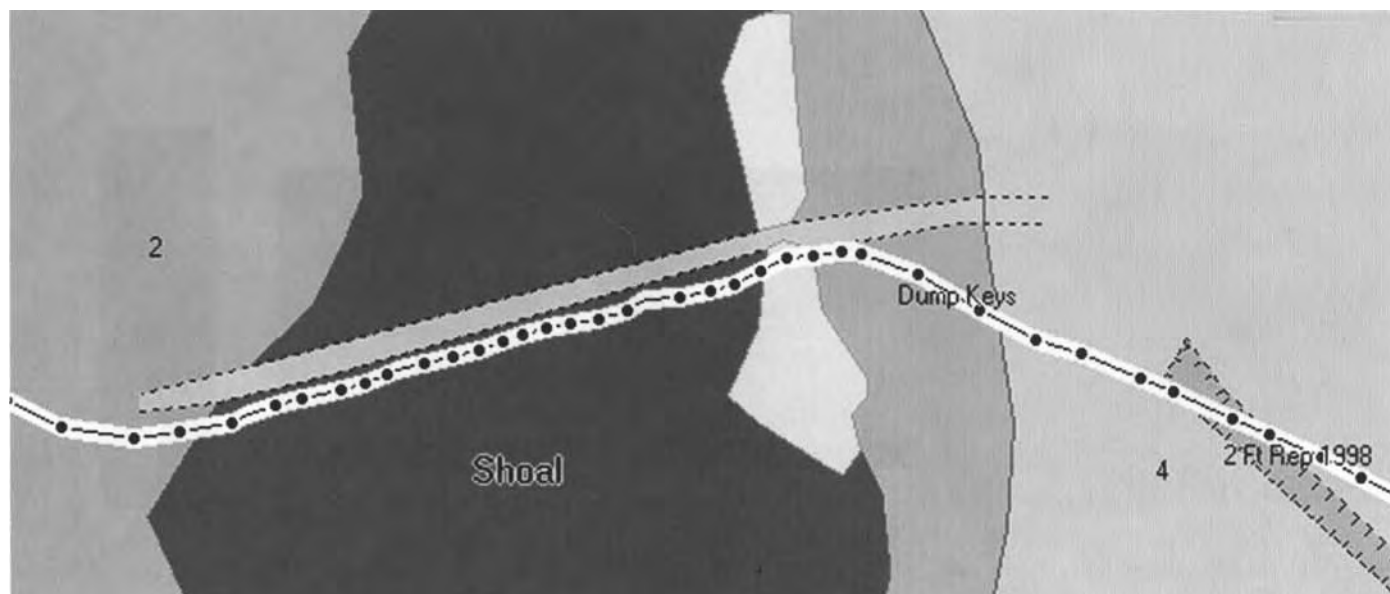
About sunrise we rounded the corner in the channel and bore off for the entrance of San Carlos Bay with the wind picking back up. By midmorning we had scooted under the west side of the causeway over the bay, headed ESE to the channel, and turned out into the open Gulf. The directions for the next several hours were easy, keep *Oaracle* a couple miles off the shore and head south. The winds were on the verge of where we could shake out one reef but we decided for the moment to leave things as they were. Seas were 3-4' feet and we were making 4-5kts. We used the time to eat, check charts, and again catch up on rest. Neither of us had yet managed any real sleep, but we weren't feeling tired.

Our rest periods and short naps seemed sufficient. Shortly after 2pm, with Noel below, the seas had calmed enough to try the tiller locking system Chuck Leinweber (of Duckworksmagazine.com) had suggested the year before. It held course very well if we didn't move around or the seas weren't too rough. Unfortunately, that the seas were low enough for the tiller lock to work well meant



Above: The course track shows we had to try several times to clear this narrow and shallow part of Tin Can Pass in Florida Bay.

Below: This shows the “charted” channel through Dump Keys and the actual path recorded by the GPS. Such variations are common in Florida Bay, one of the reasons I didn’t want to run the channels at night relying only on a GPS.



the wind was easing. Although the forecasts still called for strong winds, our speed was down to between 2-3kts, the winds were probably around 12mph. At that pace we wouldn't reach Cape Romano in daylight, which I wanted to help us through that area of shoals.

With Noel snoozing below I decided to give the tiller lock an acid test. I set it on course and then went to lower the main and shake out both reefs. Amazingly the lock kept *Oaracle* acceptably on course while the sail was eased and lowered, the reef points undone, and then re-raised. Noel, who got up as the sail was being hoisted, couldn't believe it. But we did it again the next day when taking out a reef. Adding sail proved to be the right choice as our speed picked up to between 4-5kts and sometimes higher. Cape Romano now looked easily doable in daytime.

The winds stayed moderate but the seas picked up as we passed Marco Island, enough that we started surfing again and I began to think a reef might be necessary. But when we

passed Coxambas Inlet, on Marco Island's south side, the seas immediately calmed. Apparently the bottom had shoaled on the inlet's north, even out to the half mile or so where we were offshore at the time. Things stayed favorable, this was to be our longest stretch of moderate winds, as we rounded Cape Romano. We dragged the leeboard tip a time or two and had to take a couple short tacks around a visible shoal, but otherwise it was an easy passage. Noel took the helm and I went below to get some rest and the sun set behind us. Ahead 10 miles or so was Indian Key Pass and the entrance to CP 2.

I came up as Noel brought the flashing green light marking the entrance to the Indian Key Pass in sight. We caught a break entering the channel, which heads about NNE for the first part. The winds had been predominantly northerly or northeasterly, but at the moment they had backed to west of north. We could just lay the course and made the first leg without tacking. The rest was fairly straightforward until the mangrove

islands blocked the wind about halfway in. Out came the oarles and we rowed when the wind died and sailed when it filled in.

Towards the end of the channel we were overtaken by a paddler, XLXS. Exhausted by the rough conditions, Carter talked of crossing Charlotte Harbor, probably a few hours ahead of us, with waves coming over the bow of his slender craft and smacking him in the chest. Noel and I shuddered at the thought. As he paddled ahead into the dark Carter said he needed at least four hours of sleep to recover from his physical depletion. Noel and I looked at each other. We figured if we were in his state we'd need more like four days. We reminded ourselves that Carter holds the hour world distance record for paddling a kayak.

Soon the channel brought us to the north end of Chokoloskee Bay and we turned south for the final run to CP 2 and our date with the mud and then the high winds. We landed at 11:30pm on Sunday.

One of the reasons for the quick departure was the glimmer of hope for an even bet-

ter finish than we achieved. I calculated if we had a perfect run down the Everglades coast and into CP 3 at Flamingo and had a fast turnaround we might have enough daylight left to get through the treacherous channels in Florida Bay if we had a favorable wind. As long as we cleared the channels before dark we could beat if necessary to the finish at night. I had ruled out trying the channels in the dark as the markers are unlit (some have reflective tape, some don't), the channels are narrow, and one is named Twisty Mile for good reason. At best it was a slim chance but we didn't want to rule it out.

We cleared Chokoloskee Pass between 2:30am and 3am and after our adventures with the wind, anchored at Crate Key around 5am. We didn't bother with an alarm because now it would be Tuesday during daylight before we could attempt Florida Bay. We slept until around 10:30am, rising stiffly. The order of the day was to take our time getting underway. The wind was still brisk but it had dropped from the previous velocity. The underlying moan was gone. And after two days of mostly clouds the sun was finally out. We also, after our early morning adventures with the strong winds, adopted a new motto to describe our preferred conditions for the rest of the race, 5kts of wind and a double reef in the sail.

Water was heated for breakfast and we changed clothes and got ready for another day. While we were eating Manitou Cruiser passed by a mile away, heading south under sail. We finished our preparations and followed around 12:30pm.

It was to be a symmetrical day. We started out double reefed and after a couple hours the wind eased and we shook out a reef. A couple more hours, it eased a bit more and we took out the last reef. During one of the unreefing operations we had our most exciting few seconds of the trip. I was lowering the sail and holding the downhaul line, which controls the boom, when the downhaul slipped out of my hand. The sail and boom, now only held by the halyard, whipped out nearly horizontal from the masthead. Then it twisted around and Noel, in the cockpit, realized he could see only the end of the boom as the sail began to drop back toward the boat with the apparent intention of spearing him. Fortunately it dropped into the water a few

feet off the boat and we had it back on board and under control in a few moments, our heart rates slowly returning to normal.

Our speed stayed at 5-6kts for most of the day and we made good progress, it was to be our last bit of easy sailing. The wind began to pick up and one reef went back in by late afternoon. The sun set as we went by Middle Cape at Cape Sable and the wind blew stronger. A bit later we watched the moon rise over the peninsula. After rounding East Cape (Florida's southwest corner) and heading east and clearing Middle Ground Shoal, where the water was more protected, we put in the second reef. Once past Middle Ground Shoal we couldn't quite lay course for the channel into Flamingo and a couple short tacks were required.

We paid close attention to the compass as a course of 70° would be required when we hit the first couple of channels in Florida Bay and we were just doing that. If the wind were northeast we wouldn't be able to sail in those long channels and a long detour around Florida Bay, and probably another day on the water, would be required. We were just making 70° which took us to the Flamingo channel about one-third of the way in from the outer flasher. We struck sail and rowed the mile or so into the harbor, arriving around 2am. It took a couple of hours to find the lock box and sign in, find the restrooms, get the boat tied up at the dock for the night, and get something to eat. By 4am we crawled below to get a couple hours sleep, vowing to be up and moving at first light to take advantage of the wind, if it held.

It did. We were up at 6:20am and underway an hour later, fortified by a couple of cups of hot chocolate Noel bought at the local convenience store. We spotted Manitou Cruiser at the launching ramp, preparing for the day. He had gotten in a couple hours before us, camped nearby, and was now packing and stowing. His sailing rig and outriggers were stored, Mark would paddle into the winds and currents on the last day.

A little rowing soon had us out of the harbor, into the channel with the sail, still double reefed, up. We reached Tin Can Channel a few minutes later, finding we could hold course to the ENE for the first critical leg, after which the channel curves to the ESE and then east.

A notable event was encountering an osprey on one of the channel markers, clutching a sizeable fish. Obviously he thought we wanted his fish and every time we came up to a marker, he took flight for the next one, deaf to our assurances we didn't want sushi for breakfast.

By 9am we were almost through Tin Can and I was feeling a bit cocky about our prospects. Florida Bay provided a reminder it is not to be taken lightly. We had just passed Buoy Key when we hit a narrow area of the channel where the water was no more than a foot or so deep. We could keep the sail full, but with the leeboard almost completely up the leeway set us over to the south bank. From the boat, Noel used an oar to lever the bow off the bank and we turned downwind into deeper water and gybed around to try again... and again... and again.

For the better part of an hour we failed to catch a favorable slant or at least find a deeper part of the channel, always ending in the mud. Finally I remembered that sailboats sometimes used their motors to help reduce leeway. We didn't have an engine but we did have oars. We fell off the bank again heading downwind, deployed the oars, and gybed around again for another attempt with me at the oars and Noel at the helm. We slid through on the first attempt. I reflected on my tendency to learn valuable lessons the hard way.

We were ready for Dump Keys and their channel. The wind held and a few strokes of the oars eased us through between the two keys where the wind was mostly blanketed. Although the chart indicates a channel after the Dump Keys, we found it a wide, shallow area, albeit with enough depth to use all or most of the leeboard, with the markers limited to a couple of shoal areas shown on the charts. We also noted that the wind had shifted and was heading us. It was now difficult, if not impossible, to hold a true easterly course and we had to make a couple of short tacks to clear End Key so we could bear off to the southeast and Twisty Mile Channel.

Twisty Mile now worried me. Although it generally trends to the ESE, it's well named with lots of bends and turns in its length. We would be required to head east and maybe a little north of east for some short distances, courses that now looked iffy. The approach was made at battle stations

Matt Layden, left, watches as Chuck Leinweber prepares to take out Matt's incredible *Sand Flea*, which did the 300 miles of the WaterTribe Challenge without difficulty, thank you very much.



The Admiral tries Manitou Cruiser's Kruger canoe rigged for sailing at Key Largo. She liked it!



with the oars out and ready to go. And we actually did pretty well, making it about halfway through. But a channel turn to the east, the 15-20kt headwinds, and an adverse current of at least a knot and probably more did us in. With the main slatting we couldn't make progress under oars and so beached on the north bank to consider our options.

First we lowered the main and tried rowing but still couldn't make progress. Noel got out and tried towing, sinking almost to his knees in the muck. I reluctantly got out to help push, but after only a few yards it was obvious this was too hard. Before the race I had told Noel walking 50 yards in the Florida Bay muck was like running a mile on land. Now after his first-hand experience he accused me of underestimating the difficulty. We beached the boat again to catch our breath and consider our options.

Manitou Cruiser caught up to us at this point, efficiently moving with his single paddle, he paused for a few minutes to chat. He, too, found the conditions rugged but he planned to plug on and finish.

I was getting concerned about our prospects. It was now about 2pm and we were still stuck in Twisty Mile. Even assuming we got free soon, we would have to beat to Jimmie Channel against wind and tide, get through that, and then beat to Manatee Pass. With the wind shifted more easterly we should be able to sail through Manatee, but we needed daylight to do it and the sun would set around 6pm. And with the necessary double reef in the main, *Oaracle* doesn't point as well as she does with an unreefed or single reefed sail. We really had only two choices, drop the mast and try rowing again with the reduced wind resistance (the mizzen had to stay up to help keep the bow pointed into the wind), or wait a few hours for the current to change direction and count on anchoring that night in Florida Bay.

Since we would have to wait anyway there was nothing to be lost by dropping the

mast. We shoved off again and it was like Chokoloskee Pass again, only slower. We managed headway, but often only inches per stroke. Occasionally we would catch an eddy or get out of the worst of the current and we might make a couple feet per stroke. Slowly we inched our way to the end of Twisty Mile, a passage that probably took 30 minutes but seemed a lot longer. We were passed by a power boat during this part whose skipper actually knew about the Everglades Challenge and what we were doing.

Then it was up mast and up sail and beat to Jimmie Channel. At least we now knew what to do. We actually sailed a couple of hundred yards into Jimmie but lost most of it drifting back when we tried to lower the sail, so we sailed in again and anchored while we took the sail and mast down. The GPS recorded 35-40 minutes of rowing time with speeds varying between 0.0-1.2mph, probably an average of under 1mph. But progress was steady. Nearly to the end, Noel tossed the anchor over, saying we weren't making any headway and it was time for a break. Later he told me the further we went into the channel, the redder my face was getting as I pulled at the oars. He was afraid I was about to blow a gasket and thought a rest appropriate. It helps to have a considerate crew.

After about 10 minutes the anchor came up and in a few more minutes we were free of Jimmie Channel. There was no good place to beach the boat so we reached off to the south under mizzen alone while the mast and sail were hoisted and then began the beat to Manatee Pass, our last real obstacle.

It was now 5pm and we had maybe 90 minutes of light. We arrived at 5:55 and had our last, but fortunately minor, obstacle. We could indeed sail the course through Manatee, but there was a shoal at the entrance that kicked the leeboard almost completely up. In a replay of Tin Can, the leeway set us on the mud on the west side of the channel. Noel levered us off and we headed back out to try

again. This time I was sure we could sail through and on the third try we made it. We sped off north in the lee of Manatee Key and discussed our options. It had been a tough day and we could anchor near Manatee and catch some rest before finishing. On the other hand, the weather forecast didn't indicate the 15-20mph winds would be diminishing anytime soon and it looked like a long beat to the finish whenever we did it. "We'll sleep when we get to Key Largo," Noel said.

The next three hours proved to be rugged sailing, hard on the wind in breezy conditions and double reefed. *Oaracle* handles rough water well but any flat bottomed boat will do some pounding and each of the closely spaced waves we hit sent a generous portion of spray over the cabin and into the cockpit.

But we did catch a break when the wind, which had at one point seemed to be almost due east, backed to the northeast. We sailed north of Manatee Key far enough to tack and clear it and Stake Key. Then one more tack to the north and we were able to lay a straight course to the ICW inside of Key Largo. Our course would have taken us almost directly to last year's finish line (and knocked a couple hours off our finish time) but this year it had to be moved a couple miles to the north in Buttonwood Sound. So we tacked up between the ICW and shore, losing some wind as we closed the beach and picking it up again when we neared the waterway. At least the water was much calmer and we took only the occasional dollop of spray. A little rowing was necessary to get through the closely spaced mangrove islands protecting Buttonwood Sound, and then it was picking our way around Pelican Key and through the moored boats (some unlit) outside the finish line. We beached at 11:41pm, tired and exhilarated. We were fourth overall, second in Class 4, and had finished on Tuesday, three days, 16 hours, and 41 minutes after the start. Our Admiral's orders had been heeded and we had pressed on whenever possible. We earned our sleep.

Every race is a combination of the experience of doing it and the technical aspects of getting the job done. Here are some technical thoughts and data from our EC 2007.

According to the GPS we were under way for not quite 69.5 hours, and that may understate it a bit, since it's possible the GPS didn't register some of our slow crawls through the channels and passes in Florida Bay and when leaving Chokoloskee. The moving average was 3.8kts. Subtracting the times under oars, mostly fighting wind and current and when we were creeping in and out of checkpoints, it would be a bit over 4kts, a very good speed for a lightweight, 20' boat with about a 16' waterline. It's an indication strong winds were about. Chuck Leinweber and I in 2006 estimated that the sails were reefed about half the time we were under sail. In 2007 most of the veteran ECers accounted it as one of the rougher years.

Totaling it up, Noel and I spent less than 20 hours with an unreefed sail. Subtracting the hours under oars, we spent well over 40 hours with reefed sails and the majority of that with the main double reefed. The National Weather Service had small craft advisories for most of the time we were out. We hit our peak speed for the trip the first day, crossing Tampa Bay at 9.7kts (*Oaracle*'s all time record is 10.8kts

Some Technical Thoughts


from the 2006 EC). The second day we had a burst to 9.4kts and we had spurts to 8.5kts and 8.8kts the third day running down the Everglades coast. For all that, we only felt overpowered once, on Monday morning coming out of Chokoloskee.

Oaracle proved itself well up to the task. Jim Michalak designed it for rough water and it certainly proved it can handle that. There were only two minor items of damage. One was in the lightweight foam and fiberglass hatch I designed to cover the cabin slot top, which I cracked when I leaned heavily against it once. The other was a small crack in a 1/4" ply cockpit seat, which occurred when Noel lost his balance and stepped heavily on it.

Possible changes include adding a small storm trysail for when the winds are too strong for a double reefed main. Under the mizzen alone we couldn't sail higher than a beam reach and a trysail might improve that. I might also experiment with a Chinese lug if one can be made inexpensively from a poly-tarp kit. I don't think it would be as aerodynamically efficient as *Oaracle*'s balanced lug, but the enhanced ease in reefing and unreefing might make it a worthwhile tradeoff.

A big improvement this year was having a color mapping GPS, a West Marine Garmin 76 CS Plus, with detailed charts. Paper charts are still better for a quick overall view but the GPS proved invaluable. It made it possible for one person to steer and navigate at night, at least in the less complicated parts of the ICW, rather than having one steer and the other watch the chart and pick out the upcoming marks. At night it was easier on the night vision to check the GPS (the GPS light is adjustable in intensity) rather than turn a flashlight on a paper chart.

There were only a couple minor drawbacks. There was a gap in the Blue Chart coverage of Florida Bay which included most of Twisty Mile and all of Jimmie Channel and Manatee Pass. As on the paper charts, the Florida Bay channels are not completely accurately charted, I wouldn't use a GPS to run them at night unless I had a track and waypoints from a successful daytime run. And a couple of times we found spots where there were side-by-side red and green ICW channel markers where the number of the green marker was written on top of the red (flashing in both cases) marker. That made it difficult to see on the screen. A minor annoyance and a reminder to be careful with technological gizmos. But overall it



UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL, UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO. SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN, IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

www.sv-moonshadow.com
sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com

worked so well that Noel took to calling it the "magic box."

Perhaps the biggest surprise for me this year was the terrible conditions in which *Oaracle* would continue to make progress under oars. If someone had told me before the race it was possible to buck a 1-2kt current and 15-20kt headwinds under oars, I would have said they were nuts. But we did, albeit at a speed of less than 1kt. A key is the small mizzen, as *Oaracle's* bow tends to blow off when rowing in winds of 10mph or more, and a sheeted in mizzen counteracts that. I am not an expert rower and while in good physical shape for the race, I wasn't in superlative condition. That I could keep *Oaracle* going in such conditions speaks volumes about the design. As always in such an event, I learned more about handling *Oaracle*, this time in particular about sailing and rowing at the same time and handling under mizzen alone.

I also followed a tip from Chuck Leinweber for balanced lugs, moving the downhaul forward when I expected a day hard on the wind (which counteracts some lee helm I occasionally get) and moving it aft for an offwind day, which counteracts the weather helm that builds up when a balanced lug is eased. Raising the leeboard also helps reduce the weather helm off the wind.

There's always a debate about the best boat for an EC and I think this year's event showed there are a multitude of answers. Look at the finishers in Class 4. Graham Brynes of B and B Yacht Designs designed and built a special boat for this year's EC. Sailing it superbly, he smashed his EC record of last year by nine hours. If you take into account a couple of bad breaks that cost him time, (overall, Noel and I were pretty lucky and I think Graham had more bad breaks than we did) Graham has shown that a 48-50hr EC is possible.

We were second in a stock design for home builders and which is intended for ease of construction, low cost, and good all around performance. Next was Team RAF in their two home built trimarans. They had fast boats and had they not been plagued by some problems (including a broken leeboard) and newcomers' unfamiliarity with the course, they likely would have been ahead of us. And there was the always incredible Matt Layden, who finished less than half a day behind us in a 8' pram and with considerably less apparent effort than we expended.

All of the remaining Class 4 boats also were single handers, and included an inflatable beach catamaran, two Hobie Island Adventurers and a pair of Sea Pearls. (Both double handed Sea Pearl entries ran into problems and had to drop out.) In that group there's plenty of room there for anyone to find a boat they like for an EC.

Finally, it must be pointed out that sailors have a different race than the paddlers. This year was probably the most physically challenging, protracted event I've ever done, yet the energy I expended was likely only a small fraction that any one paddler used in completing the course. One thought I had during the EC is that while we are divided into four classes, each boat and each crew forms a unique combination of traits and abilities and that every vessel is really in a class of one. The competition is to deal with the water and weather and complete a safe and efficient voyage. Everyone who does that is a winner.

messing about in BOATS



Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders
24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Check)
To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943
(6 Issue Trial Subscription \$8 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders
24 Issues – \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)
To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

Are You Moving?

You may have told the Post Office
but you didn't tell us.

To avoid missed issues (\$2 each if ordered separately) please notify us at least six weeks in advance.

Mail notification to:
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984-1943

Or Telephone (978) 774-0906
7-10am or 5-9pm
(No Machine)



Octogenarian Boating At -8 Degrees

By John Hadden

Last February I went boating (nobody said the water had to be liquid) in my son Alex's iceboat, a Havila Hawkins design he built at his Hadden Boat Company in Georgetown, Maine. There were 18" of ice on Pemaquid Pond in Damariscotta, Maine. "Pond" is a euphemism as it stretches six miles from Damariscotta to Waldoboro. Wind was just right, speeds up to 30mph were achieved. Wind chill? Who knows! My son Alex and grandson Will kept an eye on the old guy.



ForteRTS
www.forteRTS.com

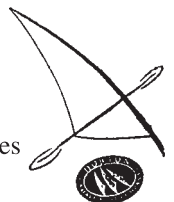
Battens, Carbon Spars, Poles, Gaffs, Tiller Extenders

Forte braided tubular tapered battens improve durability and save weight. Need new spars for a custom boat? Replacement spars for a current design? Call us for a quotation. You will be pleasantly surprised! Aerospace quality construction at affordable prices.

14 Lorenz Ind. Pkwy., Ledyard, CT 06339-1946 • (860) 464-5221
www.forterts.com contact@forterts.com

**SOLID
COMFORT
BOATS**

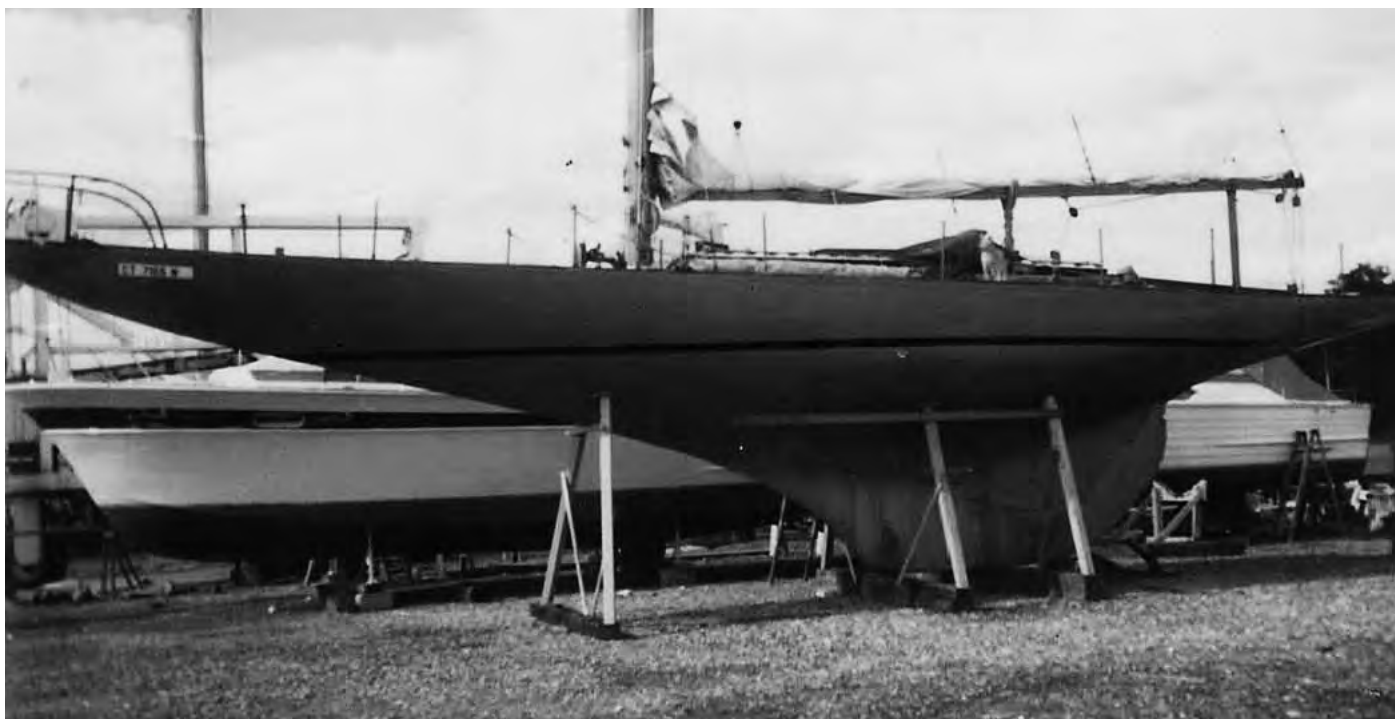
Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456

[<hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com>](mailto:hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com)



To the uninitiated, she is just a beautiful, old boat. To the initiated, she is immediately recognizable as one of the Universal Rule racing boats of the beginning of the last century. Long, low, and lean with those dramatic overhangs fore and aft, razor sharp bow, like a scimitar, and graceful, satisfying lines aft in the counter.

To me she is all that and more because she recalls a magical time in my life, one gone and beyond recapture, only to be relived in memories. It was a relatively short time, from December 1972 to May, 1976, but spanning a kid's life from the age of 12 to 16, it seemed like eons at the time, happy, profound, eons.

My dad found her in Branford, Connecticut, in late fall. She was in rough shape, as had been all the old wooden boats he had owned before her. That was his hobby. He found old classic wooden boats that were "distressed," worked on them, restored them, and sailed them as much as he could and then, when something even more interesting came along, he would sell the one project to take on another.

He had taken me along as soon as I could walk. I remember boatyard days before kindergarten days. When I was very small he would set me up with some toys in a place where he could watch me as he worked. Lunchtime we'd break and go get hamburgers. Magical.

My tasks grew as my abilities did. First I painted. Then I varnished. Drilling counter-sunk holes and sinking beautiful bronze screws with bit and brace came in their time.

When he took on this project I was 12, nearly 13, and I was ready to be useful. Good thing, too, because with this big old boat my dad could sure use some help. When we bought her she was represented as a Larchmont O Class sloop, a Gardner design. But it turned out she wasn't that. She was a P Class sloop, from 1913, designed by George Owen and built by Hodgdon Brothers up in Boothbay, Maine.

She was built as *Sayonara 2* and later she sailed under the names *Elkabar*, *Anoatok 2*, *Typhoon*, and *Defiance*. She had sailed out

Princess Gloria Beautiful, Isn't She?

By Lee Trachtenberg

of Maine, Marblehead, Massachusetts, and New Rochelle, New York, on Long Island Sound, and had spent a few years in the Caribbean. Her second Marconi rig had been designed and built by Luders in 1939 and many of her bronze fittings had the name Nevins cast into them.

Her dimensions were (hopefully still are) 55'x35'x11'x7'8" draft, 26,000lbs displacement, 12,000lbs lead ballast in her keel. 800sf in her main. She was listed as design #75 on her plans and a sister ship, #71, was launched by Hodgdon Bros. in the same year. The sister ship was launched as *South Shore*, later named *Intrepid*. *Intrepid* sailed out of Chicago and won the Mackinac race three times. A picture of *Intrepid* is on page 401 of Wm. Schoettle's 1928 book, *Sailing Craft*. Worth a look. I believe another sister ship sailed out of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto for many years.

We brought her to our home in Brooklyn, New York, in the spring and hauled her out to paint. Her 7'8" draft was a problem for Danny Demiglio's travel lift and we had to wait for a high spring tide to have enough water. Her weight was at the top end of his equipment, too, and balancing her on her short keel was another challenge. But it all worked out. We kept the haul short so that her caulking-less seams would not begin to dry and open.

We sailed her a lot that first season. A lot. Nearly every evening that the weather allowed after Dad got out of work, and certainly on the weekends. Sailing a boat like that is nearly beyond description. The sails fill, she leans over, and surges ahead under the power of her towering rig.

By season's end we knew we had to address the deck leaks. We brought her around to Mill Basin in Brooklyn, to her winter slip, and started working. And then the

classic wooden boat story began. Once you start taking one of these old girls apart you find more and more that has to be taken apart. Tearing up poorly applied fiberglass deck sheathing reveals soft planks. Tearing up soft planks reveals bad fastenings and soft deck beams...

The following summer found our P Sloop still at her winter slip, looking sad. We had the sheer plank off on two-thirds of the starboard side and had begun sistering frames. Work was progressing "on many fronts." But it was my dad and I working together, preserving and restoring this beautiful, old, historic craft and so all was right with the world. We had the 63' mast unstepped and set on horses ashore. We wooded it down, and coated it with beautiful varnish. Each coat took a quart can.

We didn't sail her the second or third season. But we got her together for the fourth. The end of the fourth we were so desperate to not miss another season, to sail that big old beauty, just even once or twice. The season's last race in Brooklyn is the Roamer Shoal Regatta, 15 miles out to Roamer Shoal Lighthouse off Jersey and back. My dad had never been interested in competition but could not resist the temptation of racing this old racing boat and maybe showing her off a bit.

It was the archetypal beautiful fall day, dry, cool, clear, and sunny with a northwest breeze early on that promised to freshen. Ratingless, we couldn't officially enter. But with the permission of the race committee, all my dad's friends, we just waited for everyone else to start and then crossed the line.

The wind was up to 15kts. The old 'P' tore and clawed her way through the fleet like they were standing still. Friends on other boats cupped hands into speaking trumpets and hollered, "Norman, she's beautiful," as we sailed by. We were clearly gaining on even the 60-footers in the fleet. Then motion in the cabin caught my eye and I leaned over to see. Floorboards were floating around. "Dad, we're taking on water."

"It's nothing, just a little weeping, all these old boats do it!" He had a smile from ear to ear. I had never seen him so happy. A little

weeping was not going to distract him. Finally I convinced him to come forward and take a look. By then the engine was half submerged.

We came about. There were bewildered looks on our friend's faces as they watched us sail back through the fleet. Five gallon buckets full of water were flying out of the hatch. Someone must have radioed the Coast Guard, for soon a 44 appeared. A huge pump went into the bilge and they towed us back to our winter slip. Once off the wind the strain on the boat diminished and we caught up with the leaks.

The 'P' was hauled. It was bad. Lifting eight tons of lead on every puff, every wave, for 60 years would tire anyone out. The fine planks that made up the garboards were worn. The floor timbers in the way of the mast step were wiggling. "OK, let's get to work!" I said. But Dad saw things differently. He wanted to sell the boat.

He explained. I was going to off to college the next year and he didn't want my attention split between the boat and my studies. Also, though, he just didn't want to rebuild big, old, wooden boats anymore. He said as much. I argued but his mind was made up. I was devastated.

She went back in the water and we posted ads. I went down to the boat after school to check and pump. I would sit down below, awash in the dark glow of old mahogany and sweet scents of canvas, wood, and oil. I would sit on the dock and study the beauty of her lines, trace the height of her mast. After months someone came and took her away.

There's a huge, double-page photo of Lipton's last, big, old *Shamrock* in one of our big, old, sailing books. While being warped by the crew from one dock to another, the photographer caught her from just a bit off dead ahead. And there she is, that saber bow pointing just over our shoulder, the sweep of her sheerline, the beauty of the aft tumble-home, the towering mast and immense rigging, all there to awe and dazzle.

There was one day during the late fall we had to move our 'P' from one slip to another. My dad took the stern lines and I the bow. There was no wind, no clouds, the water was still, but for the air being cool it could have been a summer's day. For an instant, there she floated before me, an exact echo of the photo I had looked at long before we became involved with this boat and

many, many times since. When I think of her now, all these years later, that is the image that first comes to my mind.

I went off to college and did what I was supposed to do. My dad went through several smaller fiberglass boats until he found one that seemed to work for him. He always managed to find projects to do on them, anyway. Then, in 1988 he was diagnosed with a very bad kind of cancer and went through a horrible year, at the end of which he passed away.

The guy who bought our 'P' sloop in the spring of 1976 said he was taking her down to Hilton Head Island in South Carolina. I never heard from him again and years later when I tried to contact him to see how the boat was doing, I could not find him.

In all these years I've never seen the boat advertised for sale in *WoodenBoat*, *Soundings*, etc. Maybe she has been under the care of one loving owner all these years, or maybe not. I would love to hear about her if anyone knows anything. My dad had named her *Princess Gloria*, after my mom.

Lee Trachtenberg 16 Sconticut Neck Rd. #292, Fairhaven, MA 02719, FINNUS505@aol.com



**How to Build
Glued-Lapstrake
Wooden Boats**
by John Brooks and
Ruth Ann Hill

You'll understand just what you need to do, to build a terrific boat. A boat that is lightweight, forever appealing to the eye, a boat that doesn't leak and doesn't require much upkeep.

288 pgs, hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 shipping (US)
The WoodenBoat Store, PO Box 78
Naskeag Rd, Brooklin ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447

SunCat

COM-PAC

14' Picnic Cat
17' Sun Cat
Other models
in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'

FERNALD'S MARINE
291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

It's the boat which takes you to "the watery realms of your desires." This boat enables and enhances all the activities you enjoy while there.

As we are starting at the point of Desires, Dreams, and Activities, first be sure those are your own and steer clear of the marketing crap and dream merchants who would have you mortgaging your future to pay for a pain in the ass.

The best bet is to have had childhood experiences "messing about in boats." If that's not the hand you were dealt, you should make up for lost time. Borrow a canoe, steal and return a rowboat, rent a sun-fish sailboat, crew for a social sailor and crew for a racing one design, get sunburned and nauseous on a small runabout on big water, get bored to tears on a big boat on little water. Go fishing with someone mellow and patient. Have more experiences and of a broad variety in order to build the stuff of dreams that are your own.

OK, so remember that drivel about watery realms of your desires, this is an exploration process. Discovering what and where and when and who we want to be part of our "Messing About in Boats." Reminisce on your favorite experiences. Was it the place (cool breezes off the water on a sweltering day, falling overboard into liquid heaven)? Was it the thrills (a screaming fast reach ahead of a summer thunder storm) or the social aspects of boating (September and a full moon with your lover)? Your perfect boat will enable more of what you desire. Don't get a solo kayak if your dreams are of "hang time" with your buddies. Perhaps a party barge is the ticket for you, eh?

Once you have "been there, done that" in boats, lets consider a few universal attributes of the Perfect Boat.

Most importantly, just like the Perfect Woman, she must be available. That is, available for your use during your free time without an agenda contrary to your own. Boats that are "needy," "insecure," "gorgeous," "moody," "flashy and fickle" will have you on shore when you are wanting to be aboard. The key to boat availability is simplicity! A simple boat is most likely to be ready and able when you are and is not likely to have a huge agenda of its own. Consider the proof of this to be the "Free Boat" ads, "needs engine, needs TLC, needs rig, trailer, paint. Seaworthy but needs..." etc. Think of these boats as the rejected partner in a relationship. The last owner is "moving on." The boat is looking for a new "Sugar Daddy."

Another key feature of the Perfect Boat is temperament. Some boats will try to kill

The Perfect Boat

By Billy O'Brien

you for just trying to have a little fun. The great ones will save your foolish ass. Does the term "forgiving" sound good to you? If enjoyment of the time aboard is important to you, know that some boats provide none of that. I'd rather hit my thumb with a hammer than spend a day racing to nowhere, at .00001kt, losing by a mile because we got less "no wind" than they did. A boat which will go from "storage" to "free of the land" the quickest and cheapest will be the boat most used.

When deciding which boating blind dates to accept you might ask, do I care where and when I will go? Are you all about spontaneity? Is your credo "seize the moment?" Or are you happy to spend weeks preparing for a holiday, taking great pleasure from the planning, purchasing, packing, and pretending? Choose only the boats which suit your type of "time off."

While discovering and developing the activities you enjoy most in boats, keep your purchases to an amount you are willing to walk away from. Remember the "free boat ads." If you have to work a second job or every Saturday on overtime in order to get that perfect fishing boat, what's the point? Borrow your buddy's boat while he's working, just don't tell him you had any fun.

Seemingly contrary to all of the above is the other primary use for boats, to give us something really cool to work on. Just think of all the great tools and hardware you can mess with and not actually effect the functioning of the boat much. Rebuilding your boat is about as grand a notion as climbing Mount Everest and it certainly must be better than running for town council. So how do we resolve this apparent contradiction between the useful, simple beauty of a canoe and the accomplishment, pride, and joy of working on your boat? The trick, of course, is to have a whole bunch of boats!

The list of my boats, present and past, is about 15 stories long. But the list of my perfect boats really is only two or three. The boat that tops the list and gets used the most is my 30-year-old, kit built Folboat Super. It goes on my car's roof rack in about five minutes. It's off the rack and into the water anywhere that I can get to 6" of water on foot. It has never swamped, flipped, or put me in peril no matter how ridiculous the mission (Class 3 white water, open ocean paddling, big wind and waves, stand up to pee, whatever).

The best part is my wife loves the boat and trusts it far more than she trusts me. So no matter what the adventure is, she is always willing to join me. We have spent the day exploring the vast Montezuma Wildlife marshes while the babies slept under the deck or helped us paddle with their own miniature Shaw and Tenney paddles. The Folboat is perfectly comfortable for two adults and two toddlers. Made of sticks with plywood frames and a Naugahyde skin she is durable, far beyond what any sane individual would expect.

When a boat is this ugly it has tremendous advantages for the owner. First, you need to waste no time on upkeep of the cosmetics, you won't lose any sleep over scratches and gouges and missing varnish. I am always willing to lend the Folboat out, even to boating novices, as I know they will return safely and I would never notice a new scratch or even a new strip of duct tape. At 3-4mph cruising speed fully loaded (around 600lbs) she is just right for camp cruising with friends in canoes. She is no match for a long, sleek, cruising kayak in speed, but I'm very satisfied with the stability and load carrying trade-off.

One of our favorite uses is as a photography platform in places where most boats could never go. No need to worry about the cameras. The Folboat is not going to let them get dunked. On top of the car right side up she is filled to the gunwales with all the light stuff for a two-week camping vacation. I have even put a couple of bicycles in the huge open cockpit. With a rain cover snapped on, everything arrives dry and there is adequate space for the family in our small car. With bodies of water defining our vacations and day trips, having the Folboat along is a key to exploring and enjoying "where we are."

I also enjoy my 19' day sailer. She lives on a trailer backed into the garage and is hitched and on the way to the water in about ten minutes. A largely open boat, she can seat eight adults comfortably. We don't know what the design is called, she is hard chined, moderate v-bottom, lots of rocker, about a foot wider and a foot deeper than a Lightning. Day sailing is a social event that I can relate to. A little sailing to keep me engaged, a few tasks for the crew, a great boarding ladder for swimming in "the Deep."

I modified the rig from the modifications of the likely never built original rig. She came with a very stout oak tabernacle which allows the mast to pivot about 2' above the deck. I customized a Lightning aluminum mast which I easily raise/lower myself using a large boom vang as the prime mover. Setting a boat up to use a one design rig is definitely a great economic move. Racers have garages full of perfectly usable sails and spars which they consider past their prime (for racing), these items are often free for the hauling.

This centerboarder, with a fiberglass over plywood hull, allows easy beaching for landing parties to explore the "new world." I built a wide stainless steel skid plate for protecting the stem and forefoot from coarse landings. A custom kick up/pull down rudder has greatly increased our range of exploration as we can sail in water of about 18". With a reef tied in the Lightning mainsail and a small jib from a Comet, I think she will stand up in 35mph wind without too much gymnastics from the crew. I set the boom high on the mast so that no one gets bonked



when she comes about or jibes. Yes, I know that raises the center of effort and increases the heeling moment, but I like the trade-off. She is a slow and stable boat so there would be little gained by an interference boom/crew relationship. With an ancient Johnson on a stern bracket, we go with wind or not. It's an unusual summer if I fill the 6gal tank more than twice.

I have put this boat out on a mooring several times for week-long stretches. I find that I always end up with repairs which result from those times of exposure to wind, waves, rain, chafe, and sunlight. A boat on a good trailer stored in the garage is similar to suspended animation. Nothing deteriorates so minimal maintenance is required, leaving lots more time to enjoy the boat on the water. The plywood and FRP hull doesn't need to swell, making it ideal for trailering. Spring commissioning involves only filling the tank with fresh gas. No extended time in the water means nothing special for bottom paint, no toxics to sand, scrape, and breathe. I use porch and floor enamel, inside and out, it lasts for years, goes on easily, and is cheap compared to marine paints.

Another benefit of trailer sailing is the variety of places we can explore on day trips. There are at least 17 launch ramps within one hour's drive from our home, most are free or included in our New York State Parks pass. We live in an area blessed with lake trout and land-locked salmon. Once my wife realized those fish were out there for the taking, she became enamored of yet another great way to use a small sailboat. With a rod holder screwed to the deck and that high boom we troll along under sail and come home with supper having been harvested while we were just sailing around.

More Ironing Boards For My Shop

I'd like one more ironing board, no, two more ironing boards for my shop. You can't have too many ironing boards! I haven't ironed a piece of clothing in 30 years. So what's with the ironing board thing?

By definition "a workshop" is a place to work on stuff. My workshop is no different but my project range can get pretty spread out. In the last couple of months I finished a stitch and glop plywood kayak. The finishing involved lots of mixing of glop, painting, varnishing, small part fabrication, small part installations, sanding, scraping, fastenings, etc. After about an hour of work every surface in the shop is covered with tools and supplies required and "in use." What a great time to unfold a steel, adjustable height, lightweight work surface, an ironing board, with all the fabric stuff removed?

As I move around the boat working from one end to the other, 18' away, I slide the ironing board along, bringing my supplies and tools right along with me. I use a clamp type adjustable work light to supply "million dollar" lighting exactly where I need it. I can spill glop and paint on the work surface, put down wet rags and never feel like I'm trashing some heirloom workbench, and I don't own any of those anyway.

When the kayak was not yet complete, I had to replace a head gasket on my 200,000 miles Toyota. That's my daily driver, so car projects must be successfully completed before the next work day. It's the



successful art that seems to be the challenge. Three nights in a row doing an alternator can make you feel pretty incompetent. The Auto Zone in-store tester showed it as functioning normally?

Anyway I shoved the kayak off to the side, really pretty easy as it sits on foam cradles which sit on, what else, an ironing board. Remember the adjustable height feature? That's really handy for projects like a light boat. This particular ironing board must have been the "Rolls Royce" model, it actually can be lifted at one end and rolls along on the other, it's pretty solid, folds up to store in only a few inches of space and cost a dollar at a yard sale. Now since the workshop is switched from boat project to car project, open up another ironing board for the car stuff. You see, you just can't have enough ironing boards!

Nancy O'Brien's View

Ironing boards are more frequently used in the shop than the house these days! One day while cleaning out the "left behinds" after one of the children had moved on, Billy looked at an ironing board as I closed it up and put it on the free pile. I heard a little aha as he scratched his beard. He picked up the board and started to adjust it up and down and check to see if it was sturdy. "I'll take this" and walked to the garage. Over the next couple of years I saw it under all kinds of projects as a work bench and it ended up being used a lot. Billy has been pleased with his resourcefulness and has shared his discovery with several friends.

Last summer we had stopped at a garage sale because of all the boats, but there on a pile was an ironing board. Billy picked it up and opened it. He checked for stability. He checked for security at all heights. He looked from above and below for level accuracy. I glance at the owner who by now had a puzzled look and a smirk on his face. "You can put that in your car, for \$3 it is yours." Billy was so intent on checking this board out that he didn't even look up.

"Oh, I usually get them for free!" he replied. At this the look on the man's face turned to one of utter disbelief! I, who was totally amused by these circumstances, chuckled. "Billy, I think you should explain!"

Billy stood up and expounded, "I use these in the shop, great work bench at any height you want. Good as saw horses, too. They fold up to an inch so they store out of the way. They are great!" The confused look dissolved on the owner's face, like his world had just come back into focus. His mouth didn't open but with a twinkle in his eye he grabbed the ironing board out of Billy's hands and ran up the hill to his shop. Billy shrugged as if to say there are more ironing boards.

I was looking at some clay pots when the owner returned. "Take a couple extra of those... great idea you shared with me."

Handy Billy 21



Quiet, Efficient, Classic, Affordable,
Now in Fiberglass!!



"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat!"

Southport Island Marine

P.O. Box 320, 648 Hendricks Hill Road, Southport, ME 04576
Phone: 207-633-6009; www.southportislandmarine.com



My first boat was a Haggerty Seashell kit for \$25 with oars. I built this in 1954 with help from the foreman at Alcott (builders of the plywood Sunfish). The parts that failed were the keel (white oak), bow (3/4" plywood), and gunwales (3/4" pine). I have renewed these parts as they failed, repainted as necessary over the last 49 years, and the boat is still in service.

My second boat was *Dragonfire*, a Thunderbird sloop whose design was commissioned by the Douglas Fir Plywood Association. This boat was built by a display

Plywood Prevails

By Joseph Spalding

carpenter at Kodak in Rochester, New York, in 1964 and I was the third owner when I bought it in 1978. The interior of the boat had been treated with cuprinol as the bilges had a green cast. I raced the boat on the Finger Lakes and Lake Ontario. In 1981 we trailered it to Toronto and participated in the T-bird

Worlds with my sons and niece. We finished in the middle of the fleet. The only problem I had with this boat was at the cockpit corners where the solid mahogany dry rotted.

The boat broke loose in the fall of 1982, fetched up on some rip rap, and ground a small hole in the side which resulted in the boat sinking next to the dock when it was retrieved. A boat builder of the old school repaired it for me by peeling off all the damaged veneers and replacing them layer by layer, using Weldwood plastic resin glue. He didn't trust epoxy and returned the gallon kit I gave him.

We continued to race and sail this T-bird until 1992 when I sold it to my son Curt and delivered it to Cranston, Rhode Island. Curt had Paul Grimes (noted Bristol boat guru) fair the bottom and keel and he bought some new sails. In the five years he owned the boat, he placed third, second, and first twice in the NBYRA championships.

Curt traded *Dragonfire* for a restored Rhodes 19 as he wanted to race one design and have a boat that was smaller and easier to care for. I cried because *Dragonfire* was a wonderful boat to sail. The new owner is a master craftsman and has rebuilt a whole new interior and restored the boat to 1964 condition. It is now painted blue and is called *Wonderly*. No plywood on the hull needed replacing, not bad for a boat 39 years old.

The boat once again has a 128lb Douglas fir mast. My son had acquired an aluminum mast that improved the pitching tremendously. But if sailed in class sanctioned one design races he would have had to have weights added to bring the CG to the required point.

With such extensive experience with plywood boats in the 30-50 year age bracket, it is not surprising that I elected to build a plywood cruiser designed by Phil Bolger. The boat was started in March 1989 and 60% completed that year. We laid off in '90, then really dug in and launched on 8/21/91. We used a 1/2" marine grade Douglas fir plywood for the hull and decks. The bulkheads, cabin top, and houses were each A-B grade. The boat was sealed during construction with three coats WESTTM epoxy and finished with 6oz epoxy-set fiberglass on all exterior surfaces. The interior was covered with vertical grade laminate and varnished ash trim.

So far there has been no indication of any plywood failures on the craft. The only wood failure was the front window frames. The ash-paneled exterior doors have been trying and will probably do something different soon. The laminated safety glass is delaminating like an old auto window. The boat has had paint problems since day one, but I think it is finally OK. A topic for another day.

I feel that a very serviceable, long-lasting boat was available to me because we could build a 32', 5,000lb, trailerable, plywood cruiser in a reasonable period of time and it will last as long as I will. The boat is not a work of art and will probably have little value when I cash in. My heirs are not waiting on the proceeds of my fleet to land on Easy Street.

I would do it again and work around the quality problem with today's plywood. I have some AC scraps from a dock I built in 1970 which appear to have very few voids. They produce some very good pieces after being out in the weather year round for 25 years with no preservatives at all. The dock itself finally failed at the fastenings. I don't feel that 2003 plywood would last like that.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com



Lutra Voyager

14 feet 6 inches

Stability you can count on

Arrowhead Custom Boats and Canoe
 4113 Guadalupe
 Austin, Texas 78751
 (512) 302-0033

Plans and custom boats to 30 feet
www.arrowheadboats.com

Cometh the Beautiful Square-riggers

By Mark Steele

Go back just 10, or 12, maybe 14 years and it was a rarity to find working square-rigged model sailboats, whereas today an interest in producing such complex and highly detailed models is very much evident, in New Zealand and Britain in particular. Beautiful examples keep appearing, each having been a virtual labor of love by dedicated model shipwrights.

Take the utterly magnificent model of Lord Nelson's flagship *Victory* built by Mark Tindall of Kent, England. Launched in April 2006, modeled in her battle of Trafalgar condition with gunports open as though cleared for action, fully rigged including royals but minus staysails between the masts, radio-controlled, and requiring 16lbs of ballast, Mark purposely made the 58" long *Victory*, which took him one-and-a-half years to construct, smaller than a previous square-rigged model so that it could be more easily lifted and transported between home and sailing areas.

The latest model of this kind to come to my attention is the lovely *Ann Louise* built by another Englishman, Neville Wade, who lives in the Sheffield area. She is named after his daughter and is based on the the Danish Training Ship of the 1880s, the *Georg Stage*, that later sailed around the world in the 1934-36 period as the *Joseph Conrad*. Nev built the model using Harold Underhill plans, the hull of plywood sheet and limewood strip sealed on the inside using fiberglass sheet and resin.

The sails are out of kite material, the model is to 140th scale and is 850mm from the forward end of the fo'c'sle to the stern rail, 1130mm from the bowsprit end to the stern rail. Nev sails the model with the Sheffield Ship Model Society group at Millhouses Park, mainly in the English winter months, and has since built another square-rigger as well, also to be reviewed later this year by *Marine Modeling International* publication.

The *Gallant of Glenfield* was built by Auckland, New Zealand, model maker Malcolm Wilkinson (seen with the model). The model's design was closely based on the 32-gun U.S. frigate the *Essex* of 1798 and is 63" long or 1.6m from the tip of the outer jib boom to the driver boom, and was built at a scale of 1:48 or a quarter-inch to the foot.

Malcolm Wilkinson with his *Gallant of Glenfield*.



Incredibly detailed, the hull is planked and has several "depths" within (each one full of interior detail), the sails are of polyester cotton, masts and yards of Southland beech, the decks of kauri and superstructures mainly of ebony.

Then, of course, there is the stunning model of the *Sea Cloud* (built and owned by Rick Mayes of Maroochydore on Australia's Gold Coast), the Model of the Decade Award winner from *Windling World* magazine.

Just how small can a radio-controlled square rigger boat be, some might well ask? Well, the writer's *Square Foot*, built by Auckland Ancient Mariner Ron Rule, is in fact a 12" long Footy.

There are others, too, several others, and interest in producing working square-rigger models appears to be increasing in popularity even if somewhat confined to the brave, for such projects require time, talent and above all an abundance of both skill and patience and they take time, plenty of it.



Victory at launching.



Neville Wade's *Ann Louise*.



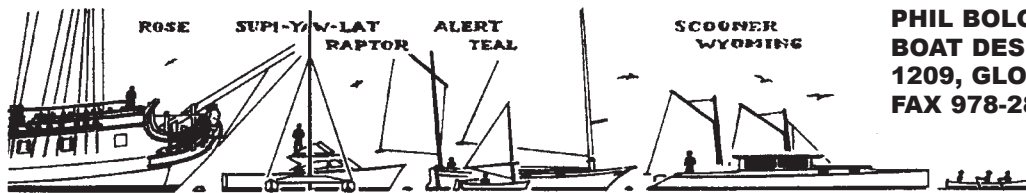
Neville testing flotation of *Ann Louise*'s bare hull.



Square Foot, a "Footy" square rigger.

The spectacular *Sea Cloud*.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX
1209, GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349



Bolger on Design

Le Cabotin/Anemone

4 -Part Progress Report on Design #576 (Upgraded)
 Part 4

Messing about is about people relating to a boat: Susanne is typically behind the camera. Bolger standing at the cockpit tail is watching her being ferried across the river in the Fast Brick. Other photos are of Gabrielle and Jean Gautier enjoying the satisfaction, fatigue, cruising anticipation of their seagoing 40-footer. After construction they're now starting to get their sea legs, shifting from learning boatbuilding to learning seamanship.

Friend Mark and Peter Lenihan (who is finishing his Windermere power cruiser nearby) are helping out for the trials. Bolger is looking on, assuring himself that nothing is happening that her two-person crew can't handle with practice. Gaby is demonstrating the elegant entrance to the bow well. Wine, food, and smokes are consumed on deck but in shelter. The weather gave us its blessing for just the one day, dry and warm. A little more wind would have been appreciated but they got that a week later before they hauled her for the winter.

Conviviality seems a term used frequently in Quebecois get-togethers. A fruit of determination to see this project through, fueled by the persistence to do some recalcitrant details over again and rooted in the underlying willingness to learn new skills in mid-life from reading plans, over assembling a 15,000lb structure, and sealing it with showroom quality spray painting, all the way to seamanship, *Anemone* is bound to attract friendly souls who understand her and her crew where ever they may go.

Plans of Design #576, including the Le Cabotin plans with those of the lighter and cheaper, but less capable, original version, are available for \$500 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube; nine 22"x34" sheets of drawings and detailed keyed specifications; from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, USA.





MYSTIC RIVER
BOATHOUSE

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
 AB INFLATABLES
 TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
 EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
 HONDA OUTBOARDS
 THULE RACKS
 ROWING INSTRUCTION
 55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
 (860) 536-6930

Forward Facing Rowing System
 Gunwale Mounted – Sliding Seat
 Complete...Nothing Else to Buy



EZ-RROW, INC.

(651) 465-6608
www.ez-row.com
<http://www.ez-row.com>

I'll bet we were all the same. I know, back before I developed a thermostat and water didn't seem to get cold, I could stay in the pool or lake just about indefinitely. Sooner or later I couldn't ignore the plea from pool edge, beach, or dock, "C'mon, let's go! It's time to get out!" A kid just can't stay underwater for ever. So that's when the "just-one-more-dive" gig would start. We were all the same. When something is fun, or pleasant, nobody wants to quit. At least I don't.

Yet when it comes to our boats, there's something I just don't understand. My neighbors will land in their slip after a pleasant, sunny day on the water. You know the deal. Guests aboard. Everybody smiling (at least with the minor exception of the ubiquitous teenage daughter who has been sulking up in the focal practicing her bored expression and two thousand yard gaze). And then you hear it. "We need to do this more often! I'd forgotten how much fun it is. What a nice day..." Nobody disagrees. Everybody smiles. And I'll bet I don't see those happy people for another three months. Hey, we only get to swim so many laps before the Skipper says, "Time to get out of the pool," if you know what I mean.

Personally, I have arranged my life to avoid those long dry spells away from the water. Mountain tops, even deserts, are fine. Spectacular, perhaps. But after a few days the ol' planking seems to dry out and... Well, this sailor can only stand so much time away from the water. I can only imagine what it's like to take a boat out in, say, October, and have to wait until April (June?) to put her back. But, that's not exactly what I'm getting at.

So, How Much is Enough?

By Dan Rogers

More than our time away from the water and boats, that's hard enough to integrate with the demands of "real life." How do you decide when you've had enough time on the water and in boats? Really. How do you know when it's enough? I'll be out for an overnight, or a week even. When I get home Kate will ask innocently enough, "Well, have you had enough? Are you ready to come home, go back to work, get your honey do's done?"

Or whatever. Honestly, the answer is, the longer I go for, the longer I want to stay. Back when I rode around on gray ships for a living it occurred to me that, like most anyone, I didn't really want to be gone from home and family and all that. No, I didn't really want to be gone. But I did really enjoy the going.

We used to live in a shore dwelling up in Ventura County, California. I was still in the Navy but came home most nights. This was shore duty at an airdale outfit, no duty nights, no underway. I maybe had to carry a beeper once every couple months. A pretty slick set-up, all things considered. I had my 30-footer in the marina about a mile from the house. I could be cruising down the dock within a half hour of knock-off. The boat was set up so that from the moment I pushed the glow

plug button, covers off, to all-back-one-third, rarely elapsed more than 12 minutes.

Yeah, I had it down pretty good. Underway and out past the jetty. Rain, shine, blowing, calm. All the time. In fact, that little girl logged an even 10,000 nautical miles on the old bulkhead mounted mechanical sum-log over a period of under eight years. Not too bad for an hour here, a day there. Before dinner, after sunset. There were even some "long lunches" if the truth be told.

This was all open ocean sailing and the majority single handed in an area not exactly known for endless summer. The Ventura coastline is more like endless early fall. About 68° year 'round and often as not, foggy and wind out of the west at 8-12. A watch cap, gloves, and a hatch dodger are standard equipment. Yet I remember a strong urge to make a "victory lap" up to the end of the harbor before lowering the sails and putting her to bed on many occasions. What's with that?

The more I get, the more I want. I suppose our whole economy would probably crumble if sailors allowed themselves to indulge their obsessions whenever they just wanted to. You know, even if the lawn didn't get mowed, or the cars washed, or the soccer games rooted for. Or worse, even if they didn't get to watch for the third time reruns of the best-of-Seinfeld. I suppose our entire geopolitical strategy would founder.

But then, remember the old adage. "A sailor belongs aboard his ship. A ship belongs at sea. For harbors rot both ships and men." Cast off that bow line for me, will ya? I'm outa' here.

Sherpa

A John Welsford design
9' 0" x 4' 7"



'Sherpa', a new design by New Zealand boat designer John Welsford, combines easily-driven lines with a surprising amount of capacity; this is a big small boat. Oars, sail or power—all are satisfying experiences.

Our kits are precision-cut by CNC routers from BS1088 mahogany plywood. Fastenings and fittings are bronze, stainless steel and nylon. They assemble easily on a furnished building jig, along with our illustrated building manual.

Drop us a line or email for a free color brochure.



**KENT ISLAND
BOAT WORKS**

www.kibw.com 410-827-WOOD
320C Drummer Drive, Grasonville, MD 21638

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders

24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

(6 Issue Trial Subscription \$8 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders

24 Issues – \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

The First Boat I Ever Designed and Built

By Paul LaBrie



This is my only surviving photo, I think, of my first boat. I suspect that I took this photo shortly after breaking the rig down so it doesn't really show the completed boat in all of its glory. The date on the back side of the photograph shows that my film was developed in 1965. It's amazing that the photo developed at all as the picture was actually shot three years earlier, in the summer of 1962. I took the picture using a Sears Tower box camera. That's my young shadow on the lower left. The three-year processing delay, I'm sure, was because I simply forgot to get the film developed. I was as forgetful then, at nine years old, as I am now. Either that or perhaps I had budgeted my limited lawn-mowing money for other things. I can't remember. In any event, I suppose it's important to develop one's priorities at an early age.

The boat was a trimaran/raft hybrid, of sorts, and the photo doesn't show her rig and leeboards, nor does it show the amas (side hulls). Her single aka (crossbeam), however, is clearly visible in the photo. Her shipped rudder can also be seen lying up near the bow (if it looks like a sawed-off oar it's because that's what it was). This craft's perhaps less-than-optimal design and construction was mostly my own. Many would call it an inauspicious start.

My parents didn't own a summer camp although some of our in-town neighbors did. I was jealous of my buddies who got to "go out to camp" each year. A point of explanation: in Maine, where I grew up, places on the shore were properly called "camps" by the locals. They were not called "cottages" or "chalets" or "summer homes" or, God forbid, "recreation homes." In any event, come late spring, as school was about to let out for summer vacation, people in the neighborhood would be asking each other things like, "when're you folks movin' out t' camp, Georgetown," or similar. Traditionally you moved most of your town household essentials with you, pots, pans, clothes, dog, and all went out to the camp. You didn't just visit the camp on the weekends, you actually lived there for the summer.

Anyway, in 1962 the old man* decided to buy a camp. My toy cannon can be seen on the shore, just below the clothesline, with muzzle tilted down for safety. The cannon served to defend our turf from waterborne invaders.



Our camp was located on Cochnewagen Pond in Monmouth, Maine (that's pronounced "cock-nah-wah-gun"). The old man negotiated hard and bought the camp, with 200+ feet of water frontage and 35 back acres of land, for \$5,500. The downside, for my parents, was that the camp's seller was an elderly junk and scrap metal dealer who basically had himself a private hobby junkyard going at the camp. Real estate agents today would say "the place had character." The upside, for me, was that I now had my own personal inventory of baby coach wheels, axles, fractured old chairs, punctured tire tubes, broken oars, etc. That, plus the wood-ed backland and a Daisy air rifle, was a kid's dream come true.

The junk dealer's Old Town sponson square-stern canoe did not come with the deal so for that first summer I was boatless. This meant I would have to cobble up something on my own. No problem. I now had my own junkyard. Truthfully, I need to point out that we weren't entirely boatless. Dad had earlier bought a used 14' fiberglass Aero-Craft with a 30hp Johnson. I think part of the reason that he bought the camp was so that he'd have a place to use his boat. I couldn't legally solo this boat until I turned 12, though. Darn.

The initial raft went together easily. I took three car inner tubes and placed an old door on the top of them. At first I paddled this creation around but that quickly became boring. Sensing my ennui, the old man suggested that I should try to convert my boat into a sailboat. What a great idea! I went back to my junkyard for an old rusty iron pipe, it was the best thing I could come up with for a mast. Mom kindly provided an old bedspread as sailcloth. Admittedly the iron pipe and the bedspread were both a tad on the heavy side but they would have to do, so much for minimizing weight aloft! Rusty but serviceable bailing wire provided the stays. Rust was definitely an on-going theme in everything I did back then, as were tetanus shots.

This is the point where I ran into my first ever nautical design problem. The door (topsides) did not have enough beam so the heavy pipe/bedspread rig kept falling over. Worse, once the darn bedspread got wet it then took forever to dry it out. Again, the old man came to the rescue with a hint about a crossbeam. Easy! I nailed a board across the top of the door. This let me fasten the side-stays out to a decent angle and now I no longer had a dismasting problem.

Like an ecological system gone haywire, two new problems arose. As I, ever the optimist, tried to sail to windward I developed a horrible drift to leeward and when hit with a real gust, I simply capsized. Capsizing this thing was a real pain since the inner tubes each went their separate ways, as did I, the rudder, the paddle, and sometimes the dog.

To solve the leeward drift problem, we engineered some leeboards. This was simply two old pine boards spiked to a 2"x6" crosspiece. I just sat on the 2"x6" to position the leeboards and to keep them from floating away. Did this solve the problem of sailing to windward? Well, maybe a little bit, in my dreams...

The leeboards couldn't solve the capsizing problem, though. But I still had that crossbeam out there holding the side-stays. Now if I could just attach a couple of floats to the underside of the crossbeam... I ran back to the junkyard for, I hate to confess this, two large, empty, Gulf oil tins (bulk motor oil back then came supplied in rectangular tins). I nailed one of these under each end of the crossbeam and, voila, stability! I also liked looking at the colors the slight seepage of oil made on the water just like everybody else's two-stroke outboard motors back then.

Because the craft really only did manage to sail downwind, on weekends the old man would occasionally tow me back upwind with the Aero-Craft. He would do this slowly, I might add. We learned this from experience. He once gave the old Johnson a bit too much throttle and the door and I were literally pulled off the top of the tubes. Exciting.

I also recall that other boaters would slow down for me, both in consideration and also because they wanted to get close looks at the bizarre Huck Finn contraption "sailing" down the lake. I'm sure I looked ludicrous but some friendly grandmotherly-type women apparently thought the orange kapok-vested, skinny little kid with the trimaran/raft was "cute." At least several of them stopped their boats to take my picture, always to my chagrin. My younger sister would never sail with me on that particular boat. I could never figure out why.

The following year I got a new 11' aluminum Sears jon boat (\$89 retail) but the trimaran/raft survived for at least part of that following summer. The jon boat would open up a whole new world for me, but that is another story.

Re the "Old Man"

At a relatively early age I was allowed by my dad to call him "the old man." A number of people back then thought this a bit disrespectful but Dad always told me that any time I thought he was genuinely old that all I'd have to do is try to take him on in some kind of wrestling match. My father was an ex-Marine (Korean War vet), 6' tall, lean, and in excellent shape. I wouldn't dared have tried anything. Moreover, as I write this, he will turn 77 this year. He is still 6' tall, still lean, and still in excellent shape. He went downhill skiing in Switzerland this past winter and lobsters daily on the Piscataqua in the summer. I still wouldn't try to tackle him.

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Our 16th Season is Here!

Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
will bring you 32 pages
monthly all about sea
kayaking, 10 times a year
(March through December)

**All this
for only \$22
(10 issues)**

Like to see a sample
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)

From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

An electrical component on the boat fails. Is it the component, the wiring, the connections, or the fuse? Most of us start with the fuse. However, where is the fuse? Is it in-line or on a fuse panel? Do you know what size fuse to use as the replacement? Can you read the markings on the fuse to tell the size needed? Do you have the owner's manual for the failed device on board so you can look up the required fuse size? Do you have the proper replacement fuse? All of the above will become questions for you at some time in your boat ownership/enjoyment. The Boy Scout motto "Be Prepared" comes to mind.

I have been working on the electrical system in my Sisu 26. Of interest was the number of wiring connections added since the boat was built in 1985. Situated nicely is the main switch panel with a fuse for each switch. Then a secondary fuse panel was added for the depth sounders (two), electric horn, and the VHF radio. I connected to the secondary panel to add a handheld spotlight and a GPS package. Then there are the in-line fuses that go directly from the positive side of the power bar to the device. Over time the pen and/or pencil markings by each connection have become unreadable. Now there is the question of tracing each of the connections and making a new "electrical diagram" of the wiring or letting it alone and looking for the blown fuse when something stops working.

One item I have added to the electrical system in the area behind the sliding door is a standard stern light with an alligator clip to connect it to the positive side of the system. I did this so I could see when working on the wiring since it is a little dark in the "electrical closet." I connect the alligator clip and have a nice light shining over the fuse banks and wiring connections. When I am done I disconnect the alligator clip from the positive post and connect it back on itself to keep it from swinging to something when the boat is underway. This light also gives me the spare bulb to replace one of the running lights if something goes wrong.

Since it is good boating weather I will probably put the project of tracing the wiring and diagramming the power busses off until next winter (or a rainy weekend this summer). But the question is raised, "do I have the proper size fuse for each of the fuse points in the electrical system?" In addition to my electrical diagram, I will need to create a fuse size list to go with the diagram to note what size fuse goes where (see example fuse list at end of this article).

As with most boat owners, I have a collection of spare parts left over from previous work. This collection is handy when what I am trying to repair is no longer in production

and matching parts cannot be found in the current catalogs. I had some leftover fuse connectors designed for the older fuse panels. One of my current connectors disintegrated with age and had to be replaced. No luck in the catalogs or email to the original manufacturer. Digging through my electrical parts collection, I found a replacement part (perfect fit) that came out of a damaged electrical panel from an older boat that I had worked on some years ago.

Recently I was repairing a bird feeder and found that the new bolt supplied by the vendor was not long enough. Into the boat bolt collection where I found a bolt of the right size, right thread, and long enough to do the job. Throw things away that you do not need at the moment? You must be kidding!

A neighbor was moving his boat from Shell Point to Panama City and had a problem with the fuel transfer system. For some reason the check valve that allowed fuel to move from the port tank to the starboard tank (equalization system) stuck and the starboard tank went empty. The fuel system ran from the starboard tank to the engine and the return was to the port tank. When the starboard tank went empty the engine stopped. There was fuel in the port tank but no way to transfer it to the starboard tank. The boat was towed in to a marina and repairs made. The boat had been cleaned up and there were no spare fuel lines of the proper size on board. The replacement line and check valve had to be purchased and then installed.

My boat has a manual transfer manifold for the fuel lines. I set the "from" and "to" selections before I start the boat. Both selector valves are "off" when the boat is not being used. This way I know which tank is being used and I can select whether to put the excess fuel back in that tank or in the other tank depending on the status of the fuel level in each tank. How is your system set up and do you have spare fuel lines on board?


Fuse List You Can Fill Out

Item	Amps	Length
Bilge Pump	_____	_____
Cabin Light	_____	_____
Running Lights	_____	_____
Anchor Light	_____	_____
Spot Light	_____	_____
VHF Radio	_____	_____
Loran	_____	_____
GPS	_____	_____
Radar	_____	_____
(etc.)		

**Tale of an Historic Adirondack
Guideboat and How to Build One**
This how-to book tells you everything
you need to know to build this classic
small craft in the traditional manner.
\$22, includes shipping.
Call G. L. Fisher, (302) 234-4199
www.adirondack-guideboat.com

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops


Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built: C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance
All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard

Building Small Boats
by Greg Rossell



Traditional lapstrake and plank-on-frame construction methods are featured in this thorough yet reader-friendly book.

278 pgs., hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 postage
The WoodenBoat Store
P.O. Box 78
Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call toll free 1-800-273-7447



Burt's Canoes

Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

BURT LIBBY 2103 Hallowell Rd.
(207) 268-4802 Litchfield, ME 04350


(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

WINDEMERE BOATS

builder of 12' Ellen rowing/sailing dinghy



132 Duncan Circle Beaver, PA 15009 724 775 8972
bbeglin1@comcast.net
www.windemereboats.com

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorics,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats

Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@verizon.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859


LABRIE SMALL CRAFT

213 Mills Road
Exeter, ME 04435
(207) 379-2257


labriesmallcraft.com

Individually crafted wooden boats

Hadden Boat Company
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff



11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 (207) 371-2662

REDD'S POND BOATWORKS



Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thaddanielson@comcast.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

**Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs
Traditional Construction and Materials**

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS

\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS

JIM MICHALAK

118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

Plans & Kits



ATKIN

NEWLY EXPANDED *Atkin* illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 *Atkin* designs and new text. Famed *Atkin* double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com



FULFILL YOUR DREAM— BUILD A BOAT

Many dream of building a boat...someday. With proven plans & better yet, patterns & kits, Glen-L has just what you are looking for. Don't put your dream off another day. Make *today* your someday... Order our \$9.95 catalog of over 250 designs for sail, power and row by phone or online. Mention this ad and receive a **FREE** article, "Can You Build Your Own Boat?"

www.Glen-L.com

Glen-L Marine Designs
Box 1804/MA
Bellflower, CA 90707
562-630-6258

Providing plans, patterns & kits for amateur boatbuilders since 1953

A Top-Rated Sea Kayak

The Coho: "Of all the boats I have reviewed, the Coho is my hands-down favorite...."

I would recommend [her] to anyone, whether novice or an experienced paddler,"

V.S.—*Sea Kayaker Magazine*
Oct. 1998



John Lockwood, Designer
30-Year Wilderness Paddler
Computer Design Pioneer
15 Kits • 5 Plan Sets
Ultra-Light
Stitch-n-Glue
Best Kayak Kits
Since 1986

Pygmy Boats Inc.

For a Free Color Catalogue Write: PO Box 1529 ♯ Dept. 2 ♯ Port Townsend, WA 98368
(360) 385-6143 ♯ Read the Reviews of our kayaks at: www.pygmyboats.com

THE SIMMONS



Classics of the North Carolina coast from the sounds to the Gulf Stream.

Outstandingly seaworthy, 30 mps with low power, light, simple (flat laps, straight planks), plywood lapstrake, construction. Detailed plans and directions; no lofting.

Information packet - \$1

Cape Fear Museum Associates • 814 Market St. • Wilmington, NC 28401 • 910-341-4350



Sea-Skiff 18
pictured

- 17'1" x 5'7"
- 5" draft
- 20-40 HP
- Plans - \$40 US

Sea-Skiff 20
twice that size

- 19'4" x 7'6"
- 10" draft
- 50-70 HP
- Plans - \$55 US

Sea-Skiff 22
20% bigger than the 20

- 21'6" x 3'8"
- 12" draft
- 70-90 HP
- cabin versions sketched
- Plans - \$55 US



WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034



WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



SWIFTY 12

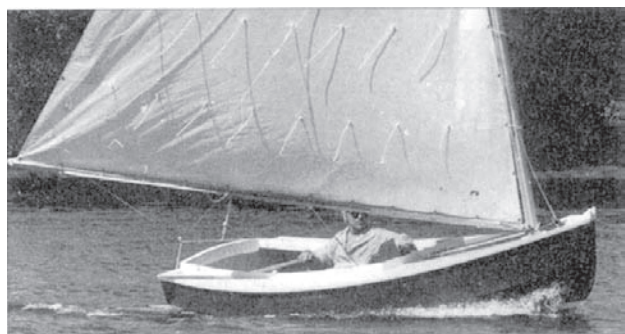


A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price,

including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

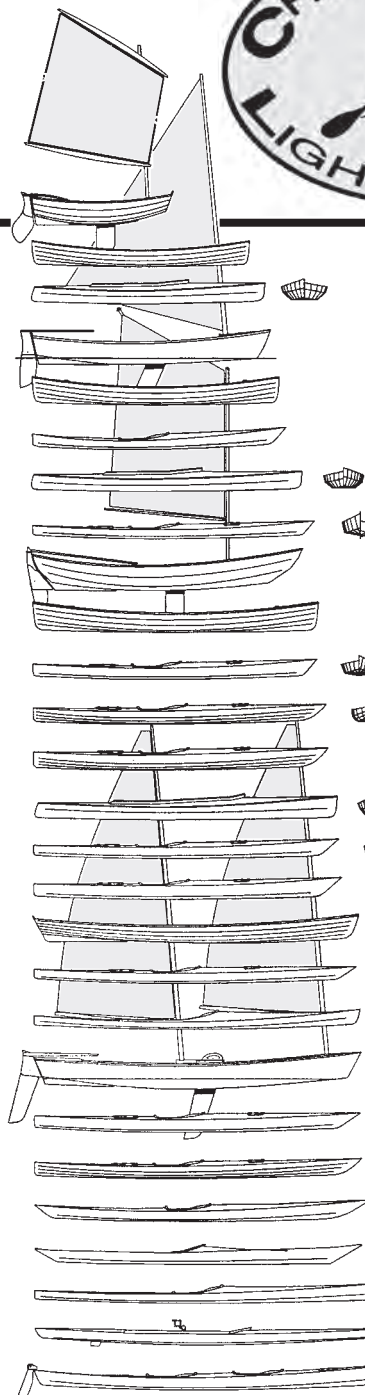
PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs, \$28.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1 S&H

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, contact:**

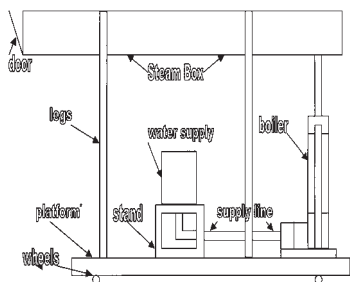
Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com



Complete Wood Steaming System

Plans for Building Your Own Wood Steaming System

Steam bend wood all day without steam interruption. Adding water to the supply tank will not interrupt steam flow.

Plans \$40.00

Complete System \$325.00 + Shipping
To order, send check or money order to:

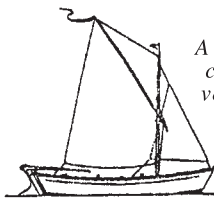
J.S. Parvis

2155 S. Kitley

Indianapolis, IN 46203

Email: woodbendingsystem@yahoo.com

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



A range of small craft plans for very easy home building in plywood

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

The Old School,
Brundish Road,
Raveningham,
Norwich, NR14 6NT
U.K.

Tel/Fax:

+44 01508 548675



KayakCraft
by Ted Moores

Learn from a master! Ted Moores has been building and teaching in the art of strip-construction for years. The book includes four Steve Killing designed kayaks. It's

packed with Ted's tips and techniques, so results will be great.

185 pgs., softcover
\$19.95 + \$4.50 postage
The WoodenBoat Store
P.O. Box 78
Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call toll free 1-800-273-7447



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions, \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



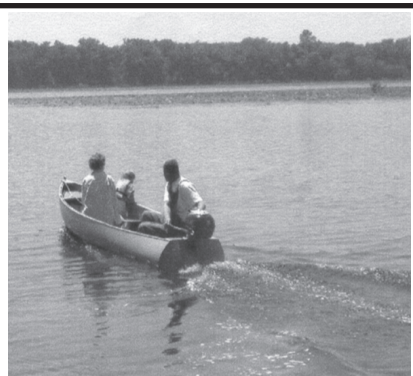
<gaboats.com>

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robbwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons

P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



Supplies

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

**HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING**

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
Oceanus

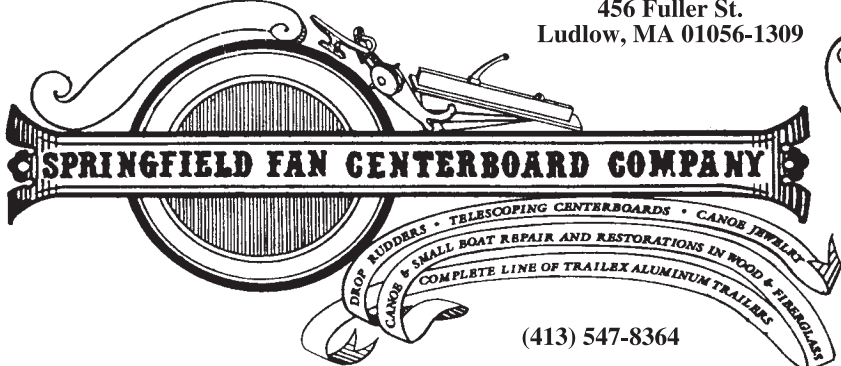
Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



SPRINGFIELD CANOE CENTERBOARD COMPANY

DRAG KIDDIES • TELESOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364

PolySail International

**WHITE POLYTARP SAILS
& SAIL KITS**

22 SUNBLEST COURT
FISHERS, IN 46038-1175
PH: 317-915-1454
EMAIL: POLYSAIL@AOL.COM
WEB SITE: WWW.POLYSAIL.COM

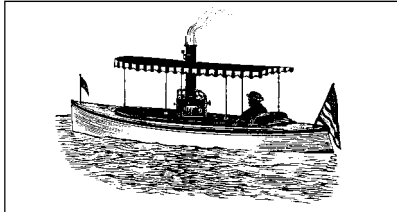
Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP
Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com



Boaters' Cards and Stationery


Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.
See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html

Drawing/Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! - \$150
See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html

L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable. Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY
Box 213MB
Orono, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867



MAS EPOXIES

"With my wooden canoes starting at \$55,000.00, my clients expect me to build boats using only the finest materials available.
For me that meant switching to MAS epoxies over 10 years ago.
When I watch the wonder and excitement on peoples faces as they touch and admire one of my newly finished canoes, I know that I have MAS Epoxies to thank.
MAS is not just another epoxy, it is *my* epoxy."
-Philip Greene, owner, Woodsong Canoes
It's NO Blush, not Low Blush!



www.masepoxies.com 1-888-627-3769

William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980



P.O. Box 87
No. Billerica, MA 01862
Telephone (978) 663-3103
<bill@boatbldr.com>
<www.boatbldr.com>

**WOOD BOAT and CANOE
RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS**

U.S. MADE SILICON BRONZE WOOD SCREWS
MAS EPOXY ** TARGET COATINGS
CANOE CANVAS ** TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (800) 896-9536

**GOT A PRODUCT SMALL BOAT
OWNERS / BUILDERS CAN USE?**

**HERE'S A PLACE TO LET 4,000
SUBSCRIBERS KNOW ABOUT IT**

ONLY \$22.50 PER ISSUE

**CALL BOB HICKS AT (978) 774-0906
7-10AM FOR FULL PARTICULARS**

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS
the **NEWFOUND WOODWORKS inc.**
603-744-6872
www.newfound.com

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

SWANSON BOAT COMPANY

*Specializing in Designs
to fit Particular Needs*

Tradition-based Rowing Craft

Design & Construction

420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095

Phone: 860-299-6502

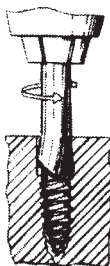
E-Mail:

Rodger Swanson412@comcast.net

R.C. Swanson, Proprietor

UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335

Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709

unscrew-ums@tltools.com

www.tltools.com

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$197.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS, HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028

Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas company machines.

3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"

11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANK MUSEUM

P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

STUCK IN THE PAST? FAST FORWARD WITH THE SILVERTIP TIME MACHINE.



Just drop a SilverTip GelMagic non-sagging structural adhesive cartridge into a standard caulking gun, add a mixer tip, squeeze and apply. What could be easier? Only need a little bit and don't want to use a tip? Then squeeze out some into a cup, mix and apply. In either case the cartridge properly measures the resin and hardener and can never get the ratio wrong. Save time with SilverTip Marine Series products.



Helping you put it all together

• SilverTip Laminating Resin • QuikFair • GelMagic • EZ-Fillet • MetiWeld • High Gloss Yacht Enamel •

Get your Free Epoxy Book today, call: 800-333-5514 or visit us at: www.systemthree.com

MARLINESPIKE.COM

Functional and decorative knotwork and rigging. Custom orders welcome.



Specializing in: bell ropes, becketts, mats, deck lines, fenders.



online at: www.marlinespike.com

P.O. Box 201, Potsdam, NY 13676
(315) 212-4875

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



Vintage Power Cat, built in '59 to race in Gold Coast Marathon from West Palm Beach to Miami, this unique runabout has been totally restored. FG over plywood, 18'x8' w/twin 65hp Mercury obs. Retro lines & paint job make it turn heads. Custom cushions & interior won a national award. Can be used for boat shows or everyday messing around. Fast w/an incredible ride. \$8,500.
DAN SHALLOWAY, N. Palm Beach, FL, (561) 3462306, dshalloway@sfrninc.com (3)

Custom Shallow Draft Fishing Skiff, 18' Wide Guide Skiff, loa 17'10", beam 7", draft 7". Plywood/epoxy composite construction, 50hp Evinrude E-tec 100 hrs. Built by Old Wharf Dory Co. 2001. Many extras. \$16,000.
OLD WHARF DORY CO., Wellfleet, MA, (508) 3492383, www.oldwharf.com (4P)

Boats for Sale at WoodenBoat Show, at Mystic Seaport Museum. To be fair to all interests, the boats will be available for inspection only during the show in the Museum Shipyard June 30-July 1. Silent auction, minimum bid basis. Square Stern Wood Canoe, 13'8" x 3'4". Flush lap, batten seam construction w/bent frames. Rough, a project boat. Alden "X" Class Frostbite Dinghies, (2). 11'5" x 4'8", cedar lapstrake planking riveted to bent oak frames. Built in the '30s by Fairfield Boatworks. Various equipped. True classics, one in gd cond, one in poor cond. V-Bottom Launch, built in '30s w/cat rig, cb now removed. Now laid out for inboard power, engine unavailable. Hull in gd cond. Bindalls Boat, double ended Norwegian built skiff, 16'4" x 4'4", leeboards. (3)

West Wight Potter 19, '98, white hull, blue & white sails, 5hp 4-stroke Honda, galv trlr, anchor, many extras. All in vy gd cond. Located Buffalo, NY. \$7,500.
BRIAN LEWIS, Amherst, NY, (716) 870-3467, blinwa@yahoo.com (3)

15' Plywood Lapstrake Canoe, free, little use, I'm sick & fixing the leaks is beyond me. Located in CT.
ronald.grunloh@sbcglobal.net (3)



'84 Rob Roy 23 Yawl, high quality construction, orig trlr, sails & Honda 4-stroke ob. All in gd working order. New paint deck, hull, & cabin. One family fresh water boat until '04. Lovely & handy sailer. \$7,500.
RANDALL BRUBAKER, Somerville, MA, (617) 629-2114 (3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.

Cruisers Inc '77 26' Cabin Cruiser, vy gd shape. 6 hdm in cabin. closed in operating cabin, depth finder, tach, auto pilot, VHF radio, GPS, elec trim tabs. New straight 6-cyl marine engine approx 10hrs, rebilt IBO. Dual axle trlr. \$8,000 w/trlr, \$6,00 w/o, OBO. Located eastern shore of VA. Delivery possible. Photos available.
DAVID NAAR, 8045 Stewarts Wharf Rd., Exmore VA 23350, (757) 442-2821, madnaar@dmv.com (4)

St. Lawrence River Skiff 18, circa '27 lapstrake construction restored. \$2,000. Contemporary Ojibwa Birch Bark Canoe 18, exc cond. \$2,200. 2 Cedar Strip Built Canoes 17, exc cond. \$750 ea. Would consider trade for antique clocks or pocket watches.

VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 658-0869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com <mailto:vbeaudreau@hotmail.com> (3)

'60 Beetlecatt, 12' cat sailboat, Hull #1002, restored. Hull fiberglassed using Vaites method; decking redone in western red cedar. In water four times since restoration. Located in Warner NH. Asking \$5,800. Contact for photos/questions.
JIM MCLAUGHLIN, Warner, NH, (603) 4563677, jmclaughlin@conknet.com (3)

30' Gaff Sloop, '60, John Hanna's classic double ended Tahiti. Yanmar Diesel. Fully equipped, sound cond. Safe, comfortable. Now cruising NE waters. Delivery possible. \$10,500.
VAL THOMPSON, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-7637 (3)



15' Mad River Solo Canoe, Independence model, perf cond, \$750 incl beach dolly & both double & single paddles. More comfortable & dryer than a kayak, paddles effortlessly.
PAUL LUBARSKI, Arnold MD, (410) 647-4708, mishka@myshorelink.com (4)

'78 Sea Ray 24', cuddy cabin, marine head, hull in exc cond, no leaks, cracks, holes or rot. Nds repower, seats, deck boards. Exc project boat. FREE, has been on blocks for 3 yrs.
JOHN MOORE, Queens, NY, (718) 7402989 (4)



22' Bass/Picnic Boat: cedar on oak frames, monel fastened, fold down soft top. In exc cond, nds nothing. Power is GM V8, top speed 22kts, cruises at 16kts. Economical to run. Incl GPS & depth sounder, custom trlr. Located in Wickford, RI. Asking \$25,000.
JIM FRIEDLANDER, Wickford, RI, (860) 608-1158, eves (860) 536-04058 (4)



Beetle Cat, '63 #132. Exc cond, ready to sail. \$3,950 cash.
LEON POTHIER, Wooden Boat Restorations, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (4)

18'6" Mad River Canoe, fg w/Class C sailing rig. Canoe is T.W. Special model, predecessor to current Lamoille model. Fast but heavy tripping canoe, grt family boat in fair cond, use w/wo sail rig. High performance sail rig in gd cond, 55sf full batten. Beautiful mahogany NACA foils, full sail controls w/lots of ss hrdwre. Mad River canoes w/this rig took the top six places in the '80 Class C National Championships! \$400 firm.
JOEL PAGE, Jeffersonville, VT, (802) 644-2010, joel.page@state.vt.us (4)

17' Lapstrake Skiff, cedar plank, oak frame, mahogany transom. Built 2006 by Pert Lowell Co., Newbury, MA. 25hp Honda 4-Stroke <50 hrs. John Gardner design w/many custom details. Vy gd cond. Asking \$8,500, original value \$12,000 (receipts). Nds battery & wiring to bilge pump/switch. Incl anchor/rode/100' line, 4 dock lines, 12gal fuel tank/lines/filter.
PERT LOWELL CO., Lanes End, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-7409, (978) 500-2635 (4)

8' Dyer Dow Sailing Dinghy, sailing equipped w/oars & bronze hrdwre. All in vy gd cond. \$625.
PAUL BUNNELL, Madison, CT, (203) 245-9541 (4)

Bolger Chebacco 20, ply, West™, alum mast, Dacron sails, 4hp o/b, '02 Load Rite trlr. "Fisherman's Finish". Asking \$3,500.
DAVE HILGENDORF, Mattituck, NY, (631) 298-0106, DAVEHilgen@HotMail.com (4)

15' Grumman Canoe, ltwt w/fitting for sail. \$350. 16'5" Kayak, skin on frame. \$100. Outriggers, Chesapeake Light Craft type. \$75.
CARL BELLING, Warsaw, IN, (574) 268-1990 (4)

16' Chrysler Catamaran Sailboat, w/trlr, '74. \$595. 10.5' Dinghy, lapstrake mahogany. \$295. DANIEL B. LEE, 1103 Kindley St., Greensboro, NC, 27406, (336) 373-0003 (4)

Pearson 35, 1976; our family's sailing joy & happiness for the past 17 years. Ready for more cruising, racing or daysailing. Lovely teak interior, Universal diesel w/350 hrs, many sails, Profurl, bowsprit mounted plow anchor, many enhancements. \$30,000. DICK MOLL, CT, (860) 434-7174, richardamoll@aol.com (4)

Drascombe Lugger, '77, teal green, in grt cond w/varnished spars & rebedded wood keel & bilge strakes, tanbark R&J sails used for two seasons. New mooring cover. Trlr in serviceable cond. Seaworthy boat that trailers & launches easily. This is the boat used by Webb Chiles to cross the Pacific in Open Boat Across the Pacific. \$3,900. JOHN MAULL, Exeter, NH, (603) 772-0826 (4)

Small Wooden Boats: 9' & 11' Monhegan Island Skiffs, lapstrake or plywood. New from \$1,300 to \$1,650. **12'9" Catspaw Sailing Dinghy**, cedar planking on oak ribs, Shaw & Tenney oars. New, starts \$7,600. **15' Maine Coast Peapod**, cedar on oak, Shaw & Tenney oars. New \$6,800. **15' Rangeley Lake Boat**, cedar on oak, #1 transom, Shaw & Tenney oars. New \$6,100. **15' Chesapeake Bay Skiff**, used, plywood w/solid trlr. \$1,200. **13' Beach Pea**, used, designed by Doug Hylan, oakume ply, w/oars. \$3,500. Other small craft new & used available. THE CARPENTER'S BOATSHOP, Pemaquid, ME, Darin (207) 677-2614, sales@carpentersboatshop.org (4)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

New Tanbark Lugsail, by Sperry, 131sf. For Caledonia yawl or similar. Used once. Cost \$1,000, sale \$600. MAIT EDEY, (508) 693-3350, maitedey@earthlink.net (4)

GEAR FOR SALE

Antique Outboard Motor, Neptune Mighty Mite Model WC-1, 1.7hp. @ 4000rpm. Produced between '61 and '69. In gd running cond. I do not wish to sell it but would like to give it free to some fellow who has an interest in old engines such as this. Original Manual. Located nr Hartford, CT. DON JORDAN, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-1702, donaldjordan@worldnet.att.net (3)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus is can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237, Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

Seacycle Drive Unit, Model 815C, exc cond. \$400. BEE HARVEY, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681 (3)



Forward Facing Rowing, with a sliding seat in your canoe. EZ-ROW INC., P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (907P)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration
from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the World. T-shirt \$18.00, Long Sleeve T \$23.00, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

Matsushita Blades, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7/8" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order. BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info. ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (11P)

100 Issues of Messing About in Boats from '92 and earlier. Is there anyone who would like to have them? I can even deliver sometime this spring if requested. DALE M. CHAPMAN, Ashford, CT (860) 429-7613

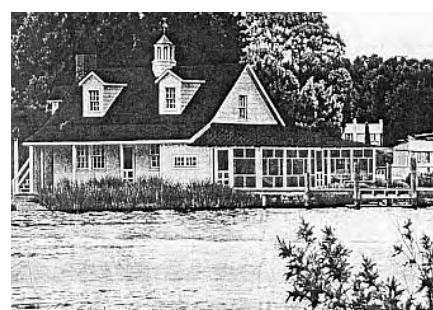


Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs. ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



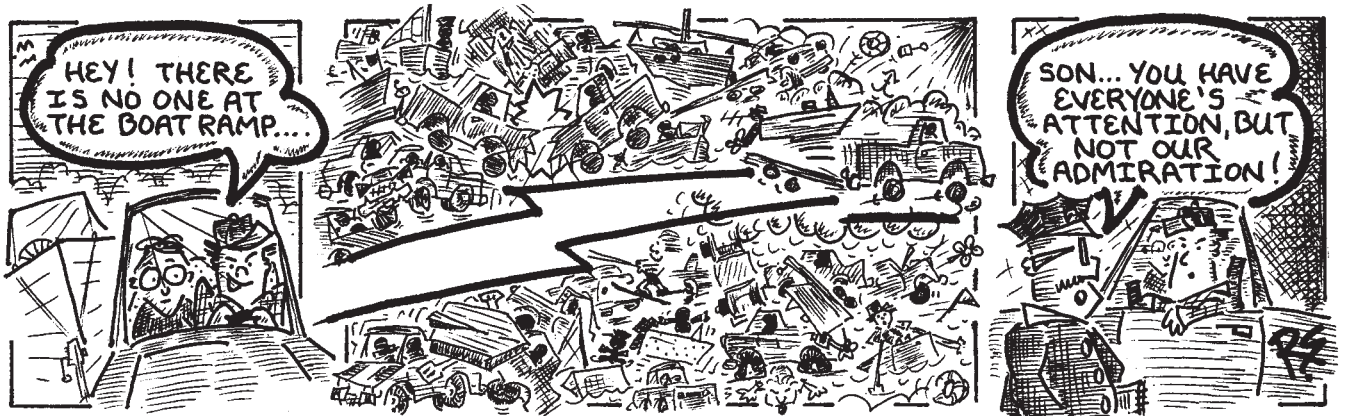
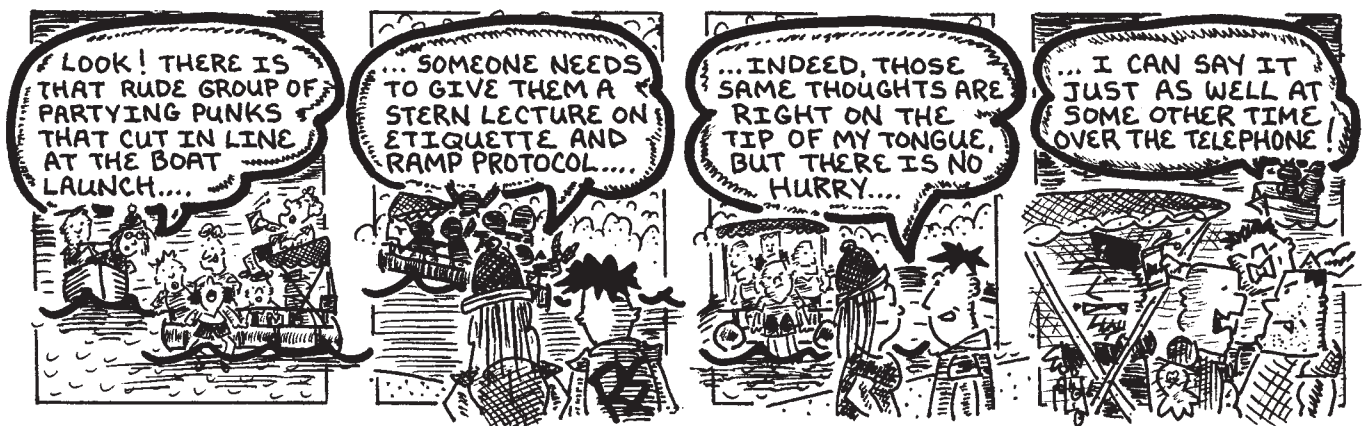
Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Ramp Antics



ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926
www.adirondack-guide-boat.com



"Hey, guideboat guys: just thought I'd let you know how things went with my boat.

"If you remember, my wife and I came to your Vermont boat yard last spring; test rowed and explored how this boat would handle on wilderness trips. The bottom line is... quite nicely. Your Adirondack boat certainly can handle the gear for a 7 day trip easily enough with room to spare. It takes much less effort to move it down a lake or a quick water river. The question was ...what would happen in class I or II rapids

"It was a wet spring and summer in Maine. The West Branch of the Penobscot is not a particular dangerous river. Mostly class I

riffs and quick water. Some standing waves. I was traveling solo. The trick was to paddle like it was a canoe when necessary in rapids or tight spots, shipping the oars, whirling about while kneeling facing forward over the seat (folded down), bracing knees on gear packed along the sides amid-ship. A slightly longer paddle is necessary. Using white water techniques the boat will handle slowly but adequately. Its strength in tracking straight means it won't do an eddy turn without a lot of convincing. It will back paddle nicely allowing time to set up for maneuvers.

"It was also fun to row facing forward with the current, watching for the one rock in the proverbial One Rock River.

"Having made many long distance canoe trips, kayak trips in the past, my feeling is that your guideboat's strengths far out way any weaknesses. I had many a fine trip over local waters with my friends in kayaks as well, and it was easy to travel with them, flying past them when I wanted.

"I look forward to many more adventures with my boat in the future. I have attached a couple of photos for your enjoyment. Thank you for having the wisdom and technology to create such a masterful craft.

Alan Berkenwald, MD

May 26-28 Woodstock Craftshow,
New Paltz, NY On Water Demos

June 16-17 The Clearwater Festival,
Croton, NY On Water Demos

June 15-17 Antique & Classic Boat Show
St Michael's, MD On Water Demos

June 23-24 Crafts at Rhinebeck
Rhinebeck, NY

July 6-8 Berkshire Crafts Festival,
Great Barrington, MA On Water Demos

July 14-15 Lake Champlain Small Boat Festival,
Vergennes, VT On Water Demos

July 20-22 Antique & Classic,
Hammondsport, NY On Water Demos

July 27-29 Finger Lakes Boat Show,
Skaneateles, NY On Water Demos

Aug 3-5 Champlain Valley Folk Festival,
Vergennes, VT On Water Demos

Aug 3-5 Antique & Classic Boat Show,
Clayton, NY On Water Demos

Aug 10-12 Maine Boats and Harbors,
Rockland, ME On Water Demos

Sept 7-9 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival,
Port Townsend, WA On Water Demos

Oct 4-8 United States Sail Boat Show
Annapolis, MD

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XXV-3

PRSR STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMT #148

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906